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THE NEW YORKER

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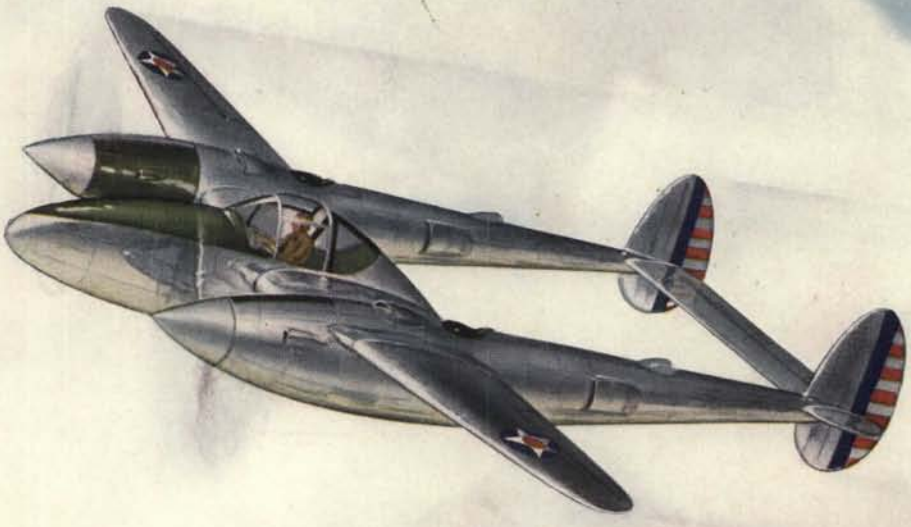

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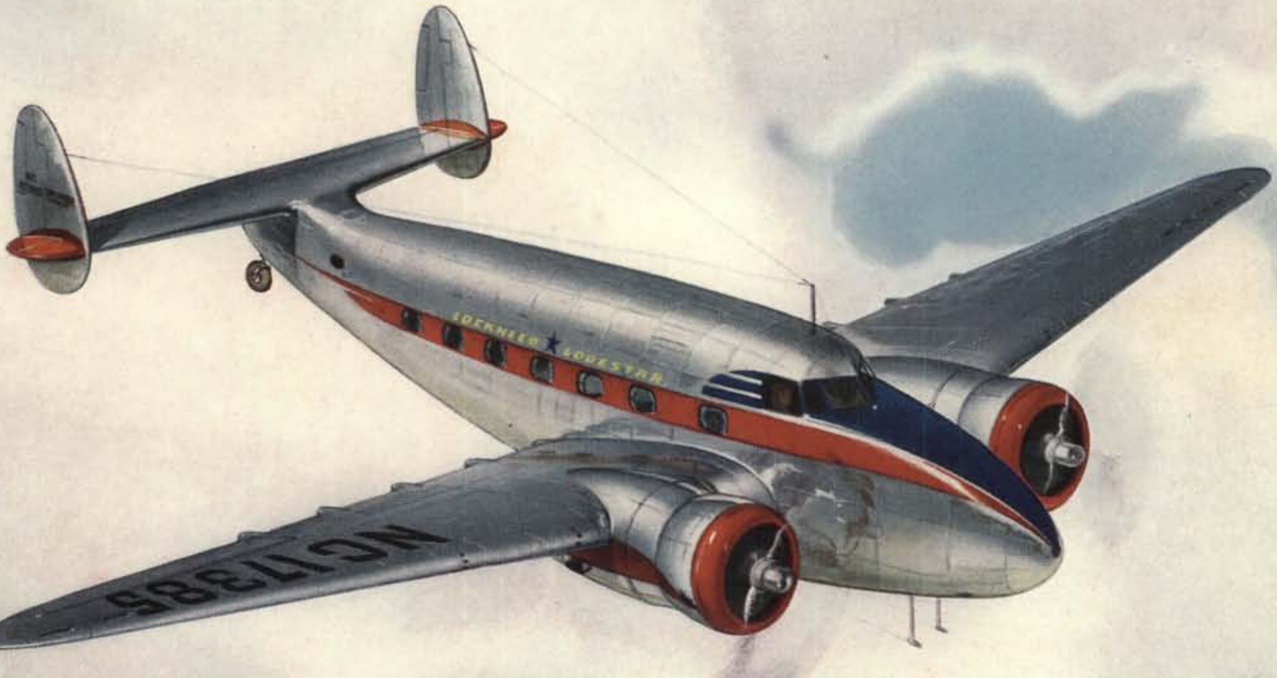
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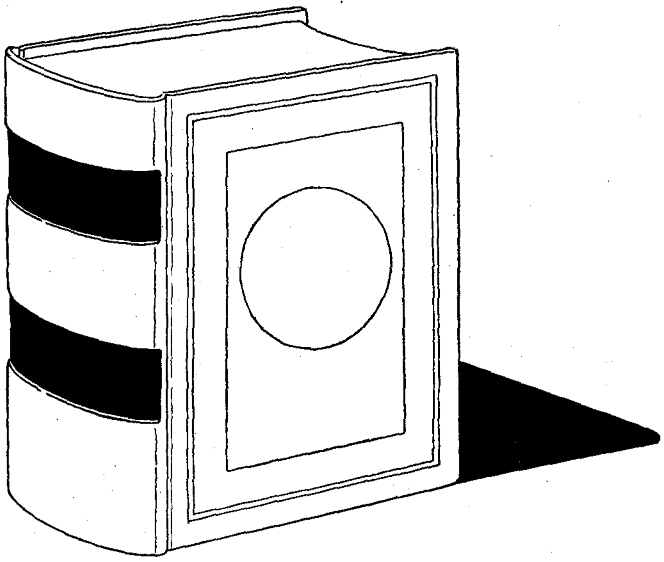

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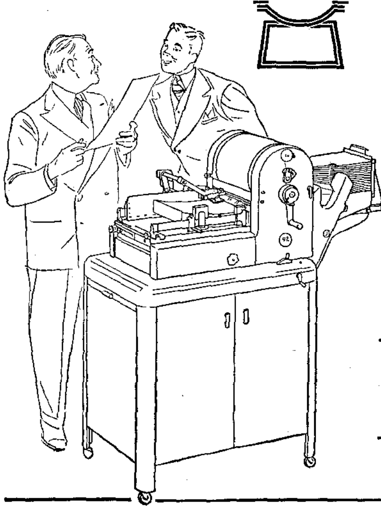

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance make this old chestnut one of the pleasantest diversions on hand at the moment. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. The cast also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—The struggle against Fascism debated by a planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York. Elmer Rice's new play has its eloquent moments, although it sometimes sacrifices drama for polemic. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe do most of the talking. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

George Washington Slept Here—Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart discuss life in the country in a way to make your blood run cold. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—The late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family adapted for the stage by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not quite as lifelike as the book, but very funny and satisfactory anyway. Mr. Lindsay is Father and Dorothy Stickney is Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Owen Davis has made a very attractive comedy out of the mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Peggy Conklin, Albert Hackett, Philip Ober, and Millard Mitchell are in the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky, of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies that is pleasant and civilized though a little thin in spots. Kent Smith and Adele Longmire assist. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Twelfth Night—A very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans in the Theatre Guild's first production of the season. They are supported by June Walker and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Cream in the Well—A drama by Lynn Riggs, with Martha Sleeper, Mary Morris, and Myron McCormick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is practically all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—An all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Ethel Waters' strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan, and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its third year and may well go on forever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Hold On to Your Hats—Al Jolson singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people do their share to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 1.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore's efforts to clean up New Orleans are hampered by Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people. An excellent musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—A revue from Hollywood that won't be one of your great experiences this winter but won't do you any harm, either. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and some of his little playmates. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—A fine musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music, and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Lady in the Dark—A play by Moss Hart, produced by Sam H. Harris, with music by Kurt Weill and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast. Opens Thurs., Jan. 23. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Actors' Fund Benefit—This is the fifty-ninth annual show: Sun. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8:15. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889.)

Children's Entertainment—Dorothy Gordon leading various groups of children in singing folk songs for the benefit of China: Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at 3:45. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.) . . . Greenwich House children's carnival: Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 2:30. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park at 68. PL 8-1451.)

BALLET

Original Ballet Russe—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a few post-season performances: "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23. . . . "Swan Lake," "Balustrade," and "Schéhérazade," Fri. Eve., Jan. 24. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Jan. 25. . . . "Swan Lake," "Paganini," and "Le Coq d'Or," Sat. Eve., Jan. 25. . . . "Cotillon," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Jan. 26. . . . "Swan Lake," "Balustrade," and "Aurora's Wedding," Sun. Eve., Jan. 26. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra are in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things, which should give you a good idea. Carol Bruce sings and Gerry Morton's orchestra plays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Adelaide Moffett will sing here through Thurs., Jan. 23, after which there will be a new show headed by Elvira Rios and Patricia Bowman. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and the rumba band will stay on.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Chauncey Grey's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—A big and handsome setting for de-luxe outings, with Ted Straeter's orchestra. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like to take their time about it. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra plays lots of waltzes for patrons of the Tapestry Room until 10 P.M. or so (until midnight, Thurs.).

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The show in the perennial Persian Room includes Mary Raye and Naldi, Dick Gasparre's orchestra, and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra is now in its second year in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show in the Iridium Room, with Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin. Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster will replace Hildegarde in the Café Lounge on Fri., Jan. 31. Bob Grant's orchestra will remain.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with Bill Robinson, Peggy Fears, Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra, and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leighton Noble's orchestra and a show which includes

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 50, January 25, 1941. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1941, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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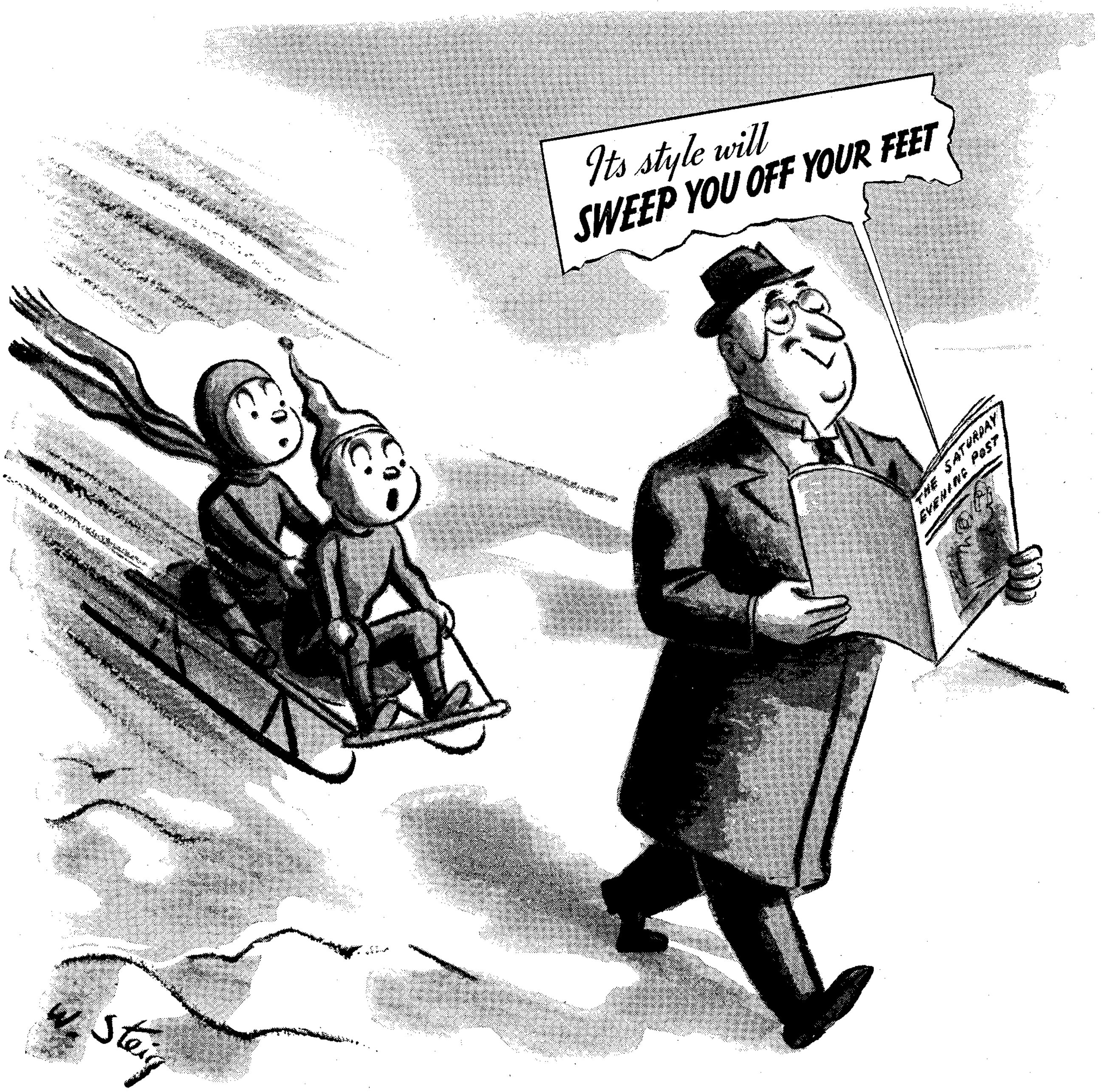
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

songs by Yvette and magic by Russell Swann are in the informal Empire Room. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room, which is informal, too.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers here are always a little out of the ordinary, and it's all very satisfactory. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen (through Sat., Jan. 25), and, of course, songs by Spivy. . . . ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): likely to be crowded, and justifiably so. Closed Mon. . . . BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Elsie Houston, the Brazilian singer, is here. No entertainment Mon. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park down below.

Miscellaneous—At LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by two orchestras, no less. . . . MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. The Tisdale Trio is on hand, and there's an orchestra, too. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Roy Fox's orchestra and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Art Barker's orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with, except Mon., The Revuers and, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . . GAY WHITE WAY, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's new place, all big and glittering, has Joan Edwards, Ann Pennington, and Shep Fields' and Fausto Curbelo's orchestras. . . . BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with two orchestras and a show which includes Carmen Amaya, a gipsy dancer. . . . HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra and other entertainers. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active.

Mostly for Music—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is on hand with her harp, and the Spirits of Rhythm are there, too. Fill-in band Tues. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins' orchestra (except Tues.), and the Clarence Profit Trio (except Wed.) are all on the bill. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Bobby Hackett's orchestra will be replaced by another on Sun., Jan. 26.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

American Humor—Lively show of prints and drawings, ranging from broadsides done at the time of the Revolution to works of the present day: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31.

Americans—At the DOUTHITT, 9 E. 57: an admirable George Inness and an attractive Luks in a selection of nineteenth-century canvases, from the John F. Braun collection. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1. . . . DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: paintings, all having to do with musical subjects, by a variety of nineteenth-century and contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: works by ten present-day painters in an exhibit that is led off by a fine, lively oil by Louis Bouché. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 25.

Braque—Paintings—a number of them really important—done between 1920 and 1939: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

British and Americans—A large, rather rambling exhibition, for the benefit of English artists, which includes some interesting things by a number of lesser-known people: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 21.

El Greco—A big, important loan show, for the benefit of Greek war relief, of paintings taken mostly from American collections: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Europeans—At the MATISSE, 41 E. 57: ten superb oils by Matisse, Di Chirico, Braque, Léger, and other moderns, as well as Brancusi's "Bird in Flight." Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 25. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculptures, with music as their theme, from the sixteenth-century Bernardino Strozzi to such moderns as Juan Gris and Chagall. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31. . . . NIERENDORF, 18 E. 57: forty oils and ten water colors and gouaches by Paul Klee, among works by other artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

French—At the FRENCH ART, 51 E 57: a nice, early Monet and some attractive Pissarros in a collection of Impressionist and post-Impressionist landscapes. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 15. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: a British War Relief Society benefit showing of scenes of England and France as portrayed by many of the great nineteenth-century French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

Genin—Scenes of the old Paris and the Riviera, brightly colored and dashingly handled: Carson, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

Grossman—Large, generally tasteful landscapes, worked out in a kind of streamlined Cézanne style: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

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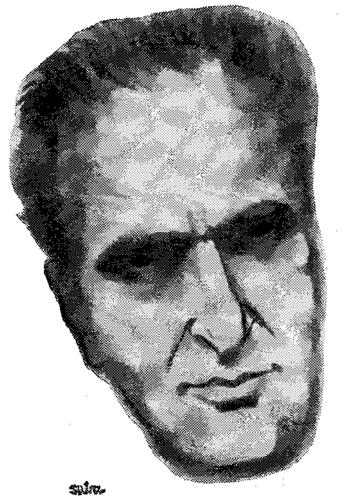

BRUNO WALTER,

who is with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra as guest conductor again, after an absence of six years. During rehearsals, he has a tendency to accompany the musicians vocally, with a soft, indifferent voice. He led the N.B.C. Symphony last winter and prefaced each broadcast with a muted cough, which was a private personal greeting to a friend in Los Angeles.

Hopper—Early paintings, from 1907 to 1914, surprisingly close to his later works in subject and general feeling: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

Hughes—Lighthearted, bright-colored sculptural constructions, made of wire netting, strips of metal, and other odd bits of hardware: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 25.

Lee—A new group of her quirky, curiously ironic canvases: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31.

Maclet—Memorial exhibition of paintings by an artist who, like van Gogh, went mad, and whose works show much the same tension: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1.

Marin—New oils and water colors—all swell, and some of the seapieces are real knockouts: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Jan. 26.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Loan exhibition of Islamic miniature paintings and drawings, from the collection of Mrs. George D. Pratt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

Monet—The artist's garden, portrayed in his own paintings: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A show of American Indian art that includes carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—The exhibit of contemporary art shown at the World's Fair French Pavilion has been moved over here, and is worth seeing again. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 2.

Vlaminck—Early and late paintings in a group that provides some interesting contrasts: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

Water Colors—At the KLEEMANN, 38 E. 57: scenes of Gloucester and Rockport, sympathetically done by Ann Brockman. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 25. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: pleasant pieces by Miron Sokole, William Palmer, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: an absorbing Eakins portrait in a group that ranges from nineteenth-century to contemporary artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 8. . . . PEN AND BRUSH CLUB, 16 E. 10: annual membership show of water colors and black-and-whites. Thurs., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; other days, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The big annual of contemporary American sculpture, water colors, drawings, and prints. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 19.

Women—Competent if rather conservative pieces by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in their annual exhibition: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Jan. 27.

Here and There—At the NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: members' annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture. Daily 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 31. . . . UPTOWN, 249 West End Ave., at 72: oils and water colors by Leon P. Smith. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 6. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: paintings by Leontine Camprubi. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 8. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: oils by Maxwell Stewart Simpson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., Jan. 27. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: paintings by Harold Rotenberg. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 1. . . . JULIEN LEVY, 15 E. 57: paintings by S. C. De Regil and drawings by Bernard Sanders. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Jan. 26, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 31, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:45. (Soloists: Thorborg and Kullman, Jan. 23-24; Szigeti, Jan. 30-31; Aitken, Feb. 1.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 28, at 8:45. (Soloist: Pinza.)

Golden Hill Chorus—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:30.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 3. (Soloist: Aleksandr Helmann.)

Museum Concert—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan

Take Charge, Mister — and LET'S FIREBALL!

THERE'S a new word spreading through the vocabularies of car owners who have made firsthand acquaintances with this slick new 1941 Buick.

It's a word we first picked out as an apt description of a new and better engine — but it is rapidly coming to mean a completely new and excitingly pleasurable manner of motorcar travel.

All over the country, "to fireball" now means to enjoy both ease and dispatch in your travel by car — to slip away from the lights with the barest toe-touch, to filter through traffic lightly as the breeze, to pile up the long, enjoyable miles without a moment's feeling of effort or strain.

It means, even more amazingly, to enjoy all this with thrift.

Not the ordinary, scrimpy, self-denying sort of thrift, but thrift *with all the thrills left in!*

Now, just *why* that happens is easy to understand.

This FIREBALL eight—designed with modern fuels in mind — gets more good out of every drop of gasoline it burns.

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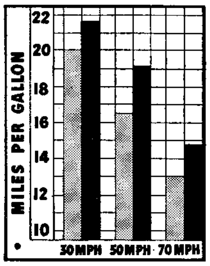
Here's how Compound Carburetion steps up miles-per-gallon throughout the whole speed range. At 50 miles an hour — a reliable figure to use in estimating over-all mileage for all speeds — you note an increase of a full two miles per gallon, or between 10% and 15%.



Reenforced by Compound Carburetion★ it develops nearly 17% more horsepower on exactly the same fuel rationing.

With all that power on call, we can in the first place use a more economical gear ratio as our standard high gear — a ratio that ups miles per gallon by giving more revolutions of the wheels for every revolution of the engine.

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And that spells economy.

So much economy that a man who drives 15,000 miles a year gets as much as 2,000 miles' extra driving on the same amount of fuel.

Economy *without* loss of zip, of lift, of surging, exhilarating power-flow —economy with some *fun* to it!

That, Buick buyers are finding, is something entirely new.

So new we think you'd better find out about it, better learn what it means "to fireball" as Buick owners now use that term.

Your Buick dealer, as we've said before, is eager to initiate you. Just give him a ring and he'll fireball around to your house in a jiffy.

★Optional equipment on the Buick SPECIAL, standard on all other series.

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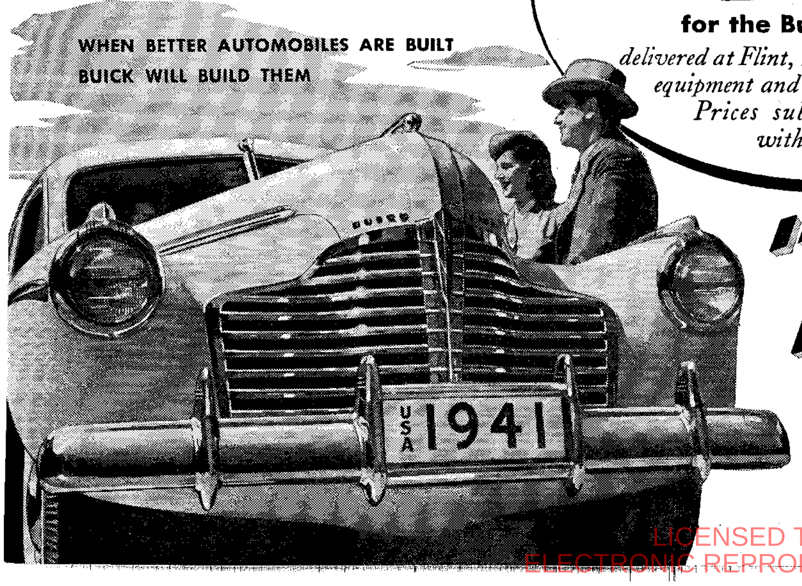

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Museum of Art, Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8. (RH 4-7690.)

Benefit for the Blind—Lauritz Melchior and the chorus of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:30.

New York City Symphony—Klemperer conducting the Music Project orchestra in the fourth of a series sponsored by Mayor LaGuardia: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 26, at 8:45. (Soloist: Elizabeth Wysor.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Saidenberg conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 28, at 8:30. (Soloist· Béla Bartók and Ditta Pásztory.)

St. Olaf Choir—Christiansen conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, Gregor Piatigorsky, and others (a benefit for Palestine), Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:30; Yehudi Menuhin, Mon. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8:30; Igor Gorin, Edward Kilenyi, and Carolina Segrera (a benefit for Jewish refugees), Wed. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:30; Alexander Brailowsky, Sat. Aft., Feb. 1, at 2:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Louis Bailly and Genia Robinor, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Miriam Solovieff, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:30; Claudio Arrau, Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 3; New Friends of Music (Gordon Quartet and Hertha Glaz), Sun. Aft., Jan. 26, at 5:30; Arthur Loesser and Beryl Rubinstein, Mon. Eve., Jan. 27, at 8:30; Margit Bokor, Wed. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:30; Jussi Bjoerling, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8:30; Yella Pessl and Elsie Houston, Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:30.

Elsewhere—Junior League Clubhouse: Dorothy Maynor, Wed. Morn., Jan. 29, at 11. (221 E. 71. BU 8-6220.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 23; "Alceste," Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, and Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Aft., Jan. 25; "La Fille du Régiment," Sat. Eve., Jan. 25; "Faust," Mon. Eve., Jan. 27; "Louise," Tues. Eve., Jan. 28; "Götterdämmerung," Wed. Eve., Jan. 29; "Lohengrin," Fri. Aft., Jan. 31; "Don Pasquale," Fri. Eve., Jan. 31; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Feb. 1; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Feb. 1. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. Red Burman, for the heavyweight title, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31; preliminaries at 8:30, main match (15 rounds) at about 10.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Boston, Sun., Jan. 26; Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., Jan. 30. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., Jan. 26, at 1:30 P.M.

Hound Show—The yearly benefit for the Hunt Servants Foundation, sponsored by the National Beagle Club and the Masters of Foxhounds Association: Riding and Polo Club, 7 W. 66, Fri., Jan. 31, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Track—Madison Square Garden: Millrose A.A. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

Ice Carnival—Sonja Henie and her revue: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. through Sat., Jan. 23-25, and Mon. and Tues., Jan. 27-28, at 8:30 P.M.

Benefits—The Polka Ball, presented by the Kosciuszko Foundation, for Polish refugees: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 9. . . . The New Decade Mardi Gras Ball, formerly called the President's Birthday Ball, for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 9. . . . The Blue Ridge Ball, for the Blue Ridge Industrial School: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 10. . . . The Scotch Ball, for the British-American Ambulance Corps: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 10.

Metropolitan Museum—The newly installed Intarsia Room from the fifteenth-century Montefeltro Palace in Gubbio, Italy, is now open: 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—Autograph letters, manuscripts, and books, from the late John Gribbel's collection: Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Jan. 23, at 2 and 8:15, and Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, at 8:15. . . . French and Italian furniture, and decorations, tapestries, textiles, paintings, and silver, owned by Mrs. Felix M. Warburg, Mrs. William Beard, and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 24-25, at 2. . . . Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century editions of Shakespeare and other rare books, collected by the late Darwin P. Kingsley: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 30, at 8:15.

KENDE GALLERIES, 730 5 Ave., at 57—Oriental art, owned by Mrs. Allen B. Forbes and others: Thurs. Aft., Jan. 23, at 2. . . . Personal belongings of Louis Eilshemius, including furniture, silver, and some of his own paintings: Fri. Aft., Jan. 24, at 2. . . . Paintings, including a number by Magnasco, Derain, and Di Chirico, the property of Mrs. Ferdinand W. Roebling, Mrs. Amy Bend Bishop, and others: Wed. Eve., Jan. 29, at 8:30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Note—The last day on which you may drive with 1940 licence plates is Fri., Jan. 31.

ON THE AIR

Metropolitan Opera—"Madama Butterfly": Sat. Aft., Jan. 25, at 2, WJZ. . . . "La Fille du Régiment," with Lily Pons: Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, at 8:30, WINS.

Boxing—Joe Louis vs. Red Burman, for the heavyweight title: Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 10, WJZ.

Symphonic Music—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 3:15, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, James conducting, Fri. Eve., Jan. 24, and Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eve., Jan. 31, at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Wallenstein conducting, Sat. Eve., Jan. 25, and Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eve., Feb. 1, at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Joseph Szigeti, Sun. Eves. at 7, WOR. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC (soloist, Iturbi, Jan. 26).

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

Angels Over Broadway—Underworld high jinks and considerable excitement in a neat little sketch, all composed and produced by Ben Hecht. With Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Fri., Jan. 24. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 25-27. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 28-29.)

The Baker's Wife—A wicked and sprightly French bit which will amuse you and surprise you. With Raimu as a peasant who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Escape—A very exciting story of Nazi Germany and a flight from it, with Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. Not up to the book, though, for pure tension. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 25-27.)

Fantasia—Walt Disney's astounding production—a wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor and beauty and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

Foreign Correspondent—Alfred Hitchcock's film of Europe and war and love, with Joel McCrea and a cast of experts. Very much up-to-the-minute. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Jan. 24.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This superb film, directed by John Ford, has received the New York Film Critics' award as the finest picture of 1940. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 28-29.)

The Great Dictator—The surprising Charlie Chaplin picture, which seems to be one of the controversial subjects of the day. It probably belongs in your culture course. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

High Sierra—Just another mad-dog Dillinger sort of thing, but exciting and well handled by Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., Jan. 24.)

Kitty Foyle—Ginger Rogers contributing a superior performance and much color to a story of the poor but beautiful working girl which is otherwise a bit routine. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

The Letter—Bette Davis, escorted by Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson, interprets Maugham's famous heroine of Singapore society with great success. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 26-27. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Jan. 26-29. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 28-29. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Tues., Jan. 28.)

Night Train—An utterly satisfactory thriller that can do you lots of good. Made by the British, it's about Europe at the outbreak of war, with spies galore and tremendous adventure. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Pastor Hall—Impressive, grim film of early Hitler days in Germany and how they overturned the gentle, *gemütlich* life of one small city. Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Jan. 27. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Jan. 29.)

The Philadelphia Story—One of the phenomenal successes and certainly a triumph for Katharine Hepburn. The Barry play very skillfully adapted to the screen. With Cary Grant. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Jan. 29.)

The Thief of Bagdad—Some Technicolored flying carpets, a djinni, and so forth, straight from the "Arabian Nights." Pretty and youthful. With Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., Jan. 27. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 24-25.)

World in Flames—Seventy minutes of familiar newsreel shots that tell the story of the last ten years in vivid highlights. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 27-28. . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 28-29.)

REVIVALS

Beloved Enemy (1936)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, and the Irish Rebellion. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 25-28.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Jan. 23.)

Gone With the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Jan. 23.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the Revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Jan. 24. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 28-30.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., Jan. 25. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 28-29.)

Mayerling (1937)—A French film about an archduke's tragic love. Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Sun., Jan. 26.)

Midnight (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in Paris. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Jan. 25.)

The Mortal Storm (1940)—Hitler's effect on one German family. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 29-31.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo's first comedy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Jan. 25-28.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The Shaw play. Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Jan. 24.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's version of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

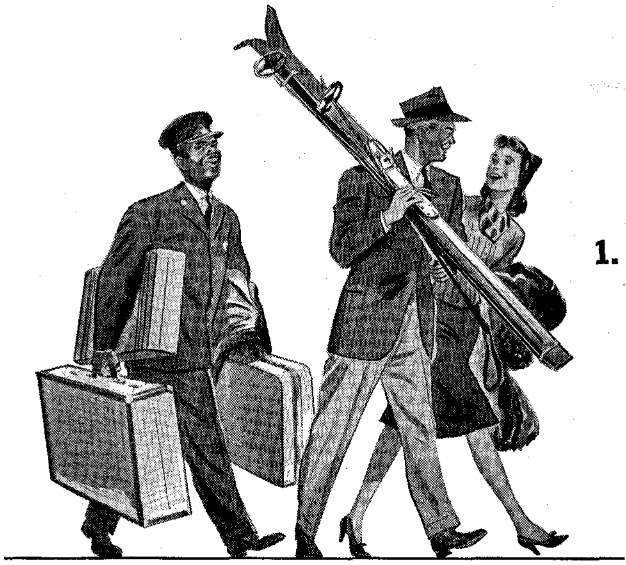
She Married Her Boss (1935)—Claudette Colbert is the secretary. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Jan. 25.)

Stand-In (1937)—Hollywood satire. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Jan. 26-27. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 28-29.)

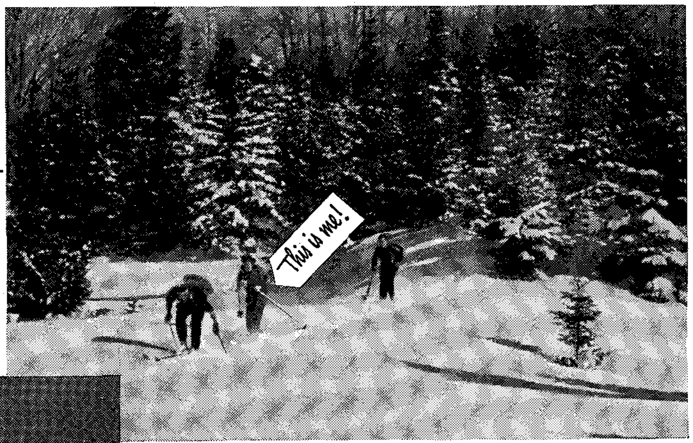
Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS., JAN. 23:** "High and Dizzy," with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," with Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **FRI., JAN. 24:** "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **SAT., JAN. 25:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **SUN., JAN. 26:** four 1916 Chaplin films. **MON., JAN. 27:** four 1917 Chaplin films. **TUES., JAN. 28:** "The Thin Man," with Myrna Loy and William Powell. **WED., JAN. 29:** "What! No Beer?," with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. **THURS., JAN. 30:** "Bombshell," with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **FRI., JAN. 31:** "Million Dollar Legs," with Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **SAT., FEB. 1:** "Trouble in Paradise," with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall.

They didn't know what a time it was!

1. Jane's a fashion designer. Bob's a lawyer. They were married today. But how's Janie going to like going *North* for her wedding trip? Meanwhile, Jane wonders if that lovelight will go out of Bob's eyes when he sees her on skis. Oh goodness!



2. They arrive in old *Québec* just in time to catch the *Chateau* ski bus to Lac Beauport Snow Bowl. Jane thinks it's going to be cold, and how red her nose then? But snow's right, sun's bright in this protected snow bowl. Grand chance to get a beautiful sun tan. Hey, ⇩ where's the ski class?



⇧ **3. Any minute now!** Only a week's instruction under her belt...and Jane comes down slopes like a whirlwind. That's the new *Ski-Hawk School's* Parallel-skiing technique. Why, 9 out of 10 beginners learn in a week with it.

4. Bob and Jane are so enthusiastic about Parallel skiing, they hate to stop. But a couple of hours in the *Chateau's* cosy *Ski-Hawk Club* does a perfect job of relaxing. Say ...you two feel like dancing tonight? There's a toe-coaxing band tuning up right now for dinner.

10-DAY SKI-WEEK, All Expenses, From New York, $99.75
5-DAY WEEK-END, All Expenses, From New York, $63.50

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SNOW'S RIGHT! SUN'S BRIGHT!

Chateau Frontenac

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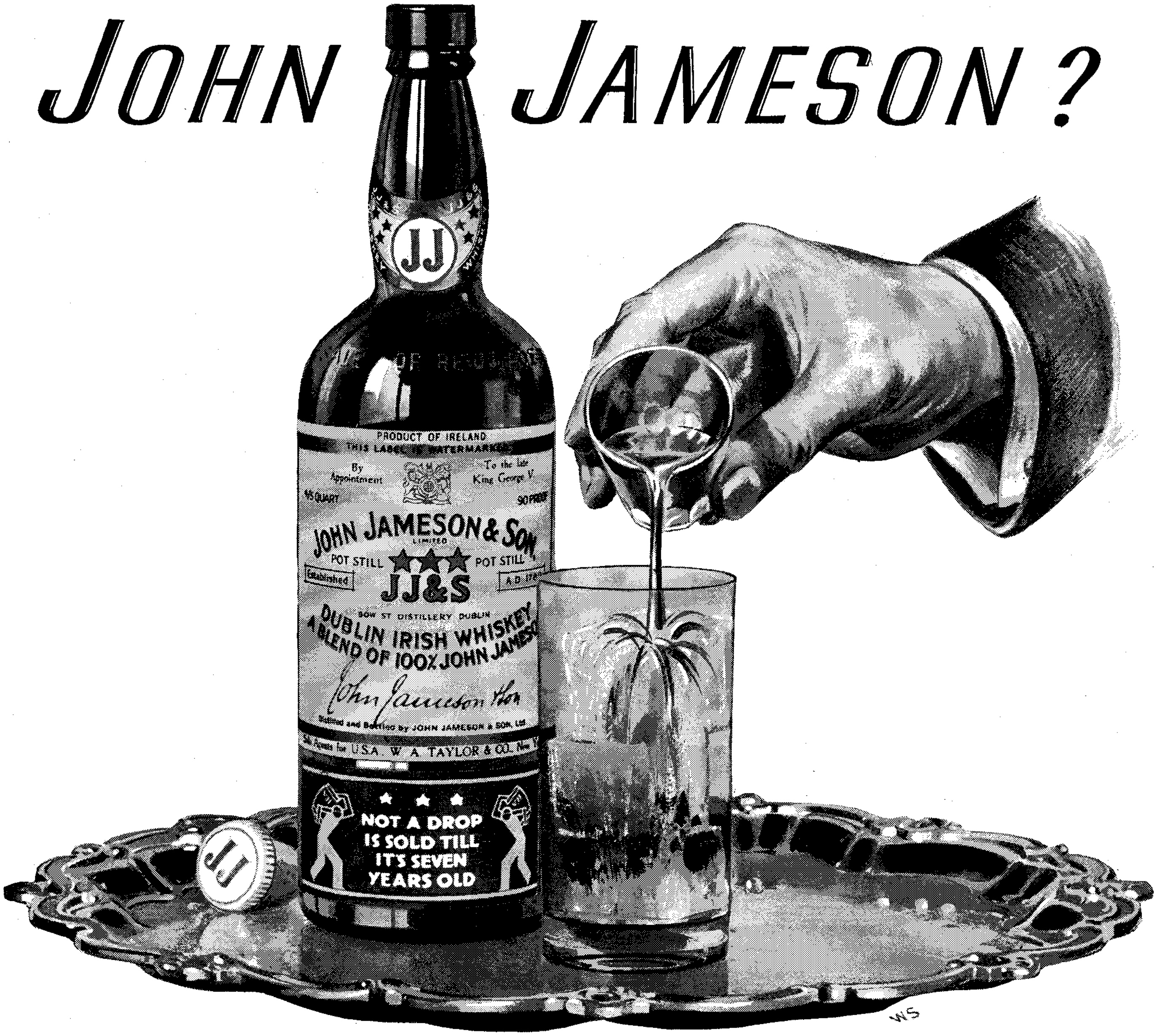
With Skiing at Lac Beauport Snow Bowl

5. What a day! Sleigh-riding all around old *Québec*, seeing the 17th Century French city at its loveliest. Shopping, too ...marvelous handicrafts, woolens and furs. *Chateau Frontenac*, take a bow!

HAVE YOU MET JOHN JAMESON?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A BLEND OF 100% JOHN JAMESON
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A WHISKEY THAT MOVES IN THE BEST CIRCLES

WHISKIES—like men—are known by the company they keep. It is noteworthy, therefore, that John Jameson has been an honored name in fine clubs and bars for over six generations.

It is noteworthy, too, that tastes of today quickly identify John Jameson as one of the finest of imported whiskies. Its flavor is mild and dry. Its high quality is assured by the fact that it is all whiskey—not a drop of which is less than 7 years old. John Jameson is particularly pleasing as a highball . . . in a Manhattan . . . or Old Fashioned. Also, its delightful bouquet and well matured flavor make John Jameson ideal as a cordial. Try it with your after-dinner coffee.

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WHAT IS JOHN JAMESON?

★ *Pot still whiskey only*

★ *Made solely from barley, malt, wheat and oats*

★ *Matured at least 7 years in oak casks*

★ *Every drop distilled by John Jameson & Son, Ltd. at Bow Street Distillery, Dublin, Ireland*

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY
90 PROOF

Tailored to Taste!

In a Chrysler . . . *your* ideas . . . *your* colors . . . *your* personality!

WHY should your car look just like everybody else's? Well, up to now, no manufacturer has given you much of a choice . . . unless you cared to pay the price of a custom coachmaker!

The Beautiful Chrysler for 1941 changes all that! There are literally dozens of selections in exterior coloring and interior tailoring.

You can choose among rich pile fabrics, smooth, fine broadcloths, novel new patterns, plaids, two-tones, Bedford cords, and beautiful leathers. On top of that is a wide selection of smart, modern plastics and harmonizing carpeting.

All this in a car that's sleek as a yacht and roomy as a liner! A Chrysler with *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission . . . that marvelous driving advancement that has set the whole nation to saying . . . "Why shift gears?"

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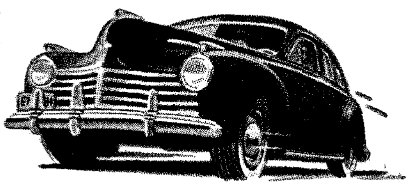
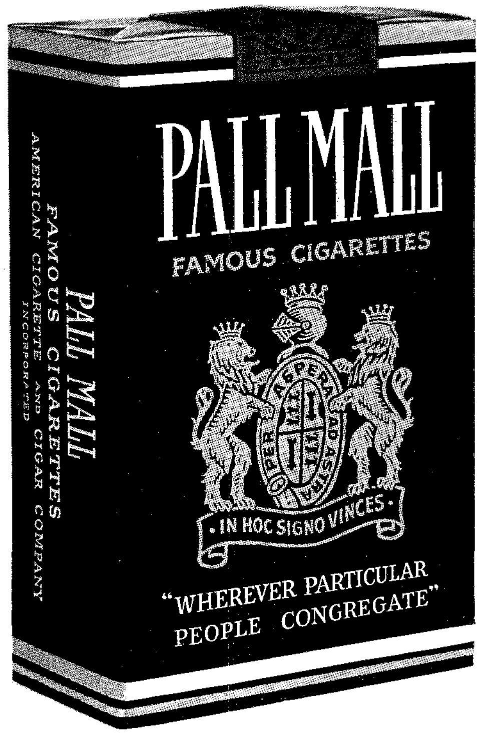
* Tune in on Major Bowes, CBS, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

BE MODERN ***WITH FLUID DRIVE*** — **BUY CHRYSLER**



JOHN FALTER

"Here's a basic improvement in cigarette design!"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
ASPERA AD ASTRA
PER
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY
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● Look around—America.

Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. A basic improvement in cigarette design is here.

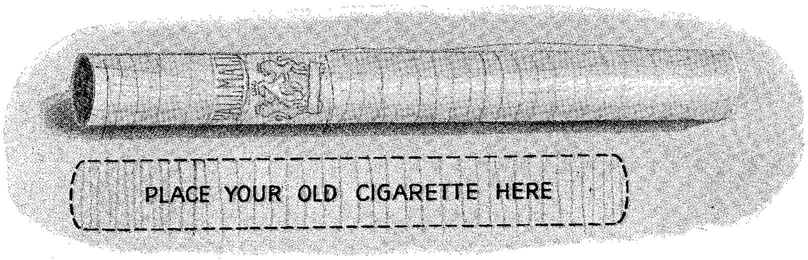
It's Pall Mall—modern, streamlined,—over 20 per cent longer than your old cigarette,—designed for better smoking.

See what this step-forward in cigarette design does for you!

It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own true filter. In Pall Mall the additional length travels the smoke further—giving you not alone a longer cigarette but a better cigarette—a definitely milder, a definitely cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother cigarette, too. BULKING—that natural process revived by Pall Mall—lets time do what machines can only approximate. BULKING causes the traditionally fine tobaccos of Pall Mall to mellow, softens all traces of harshness. As a result, Pall Mall is a really smoother smoke.

Prove it—yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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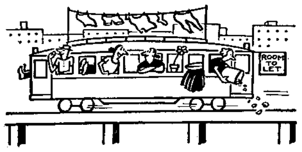
Japan is our 4th largest customer

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

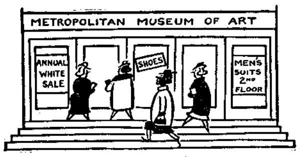
WE know that spring must be just over the next hill, or perhaps the one beyond, because the problems of our own little group of refugees—the Department of Sanitation workers and their families—have got into the news again. This is in connection with the problem of where they may be allowed to relax during the summer. The student of local history may remember that once or twice they tried to relax on the old Kahn estate at Cold Spring Harbor, until the natives got after them with injunctions and such. Now, we learn, four cars from an old "L" train are being transformed into stationary bungalows, and the plan is to use them as the nucleus of a colony somewhere. Attempts have been made to buy the Ruppert estate in Putnam County and somebody else's old estate in Westchester, but the neighbors at both places have acted very Cold Springish. This is a situation, it seems to us, that we could clear up in a minute. Just evade the issue. Put the bungalows back on one of the remaining "L"s. Let our wandering whitewings ride them in slippered or sun-suited ease this summer and every summer, parlor curtains blowing and washline trailing in vagabond defiance of Cold Spring Harbor, Westchester, Putnam, and all the rest. And let no man complain if once in a while it rains bottle caps and banana peels. That will be half the fun.



JUST as a man slowly dying from an incurable disease seldom realizes that he is a little worse from day to day, so a nation sick with the fever for war is not apt to be aware how fast and deep the infection is spreading. Rereading a few copies of this magazine published not much more than a year ago, we were astonished at some of the things we ourself had written. Here was an item criticizing a minister of the gospel merely because he said that peace was not always a desirable condition and that God was getting pretty sick of the German people. Here was another accusing the President and Mayor LaGuardia of "intemperate behavior" just because they had denounced by name a government with which we were still theoretically on friendly terms. Again, we said that it seemed silly for grown men to be pushing airplanes across a border to evade a law they made themselves. We wrote, in dispraise of a revival of "Journey's End," that a play which presented war in the light of a gigantic and rather good-natured football game struck us as both adolescent and dangerous. We even spoke disparagingly of the military mind and the pleasures of the military life. It is hard to believe now that we said any of these things. A week or two ago, a woman judge publicly burned a German flag while sitting on the bench. This time last year we would have considered such behavior incendiary and against the public interest; today it only seems a little unladylike and probably smelly. The patient had a bad night, Doctor. Temperature 105°, pulse 130, respiration rapid and shallow. The prognosis is unfavorable.

MAY we talk for just a moment about birds? It's reported in *Natural History*, a rival publication, that in Europe they're being watched for signs of approaching planes, because the birds, unaccustomed on the whole to the sounds of war and equipped besides with a special sensitivity of the ear, fly up from their nests in alarm long before the bombers come within human hearing. *Natural History* suggests that all sorts of wild animals may be pressed into service like this before the war is over. What we're thinking about, with no pleasure at all, is that day when the stunt won't work any longer—when the birds will not fly up, the rabbits and foxes not even lift their heads so long as the accustomed noises of battle are near, but then rove fearfully awake in the wide silences of peace, as haunted as a town-bred dog on a farm at night, and perhaps as lonely.

NOW that the Gimbel brothers have taken over the Hearst collection, you can bet your last charge account that Macy's won't let them run the only places in town where you can pick up a genuine Elizabethan staircase or a guaranteed French cloister (Friday only, marked down from Charlemagne). Macy's, and every other store, will handle somebody's private collection of something precious, ultimately turning us into a city of retail museums. This cultural renaissance will probably work out fine for everything except the regular merchandise, which will be forced to take refuge elsewhere. People who start out in search of an electric toaster will wind up at the Museum of Modern Art, Aisle 4. The Metropolitan's White Sales will be sensational, held annually in the basement, near the spot once occupied by a Pharaoh (now on permanent loan to Ohrbach's). Art-lovers, after spending a lifetime collecting Ming vases, will leave them to Lord & Taylor. Need any van Goghs, folks? Try Stern's, Bache Wing.



TWO rather touching examples of optimism came to our attention last week. The seventy million spiritual children of the Aga Khan announced a plan to give him his weight in diamonds in

1945 (two hundred and seventy-five pounds, twenty-five million dollars), thereby proclaiming their faith that any empire, spiritual or temporal, will be intact four years from now, and also that diamonds will still be worth more than gumdrops. The Esposito boys, who turned B. Altman's into a shooting gallery, attempted to make a quick getaway in a taxi they picked up at Thirty-fifth and Madison at high noon, thereby proclaiming *their* simple faith in the miraculous. Both the Mohammedans and the Espositos are doubtless victims of fallacies, but in a way they have performed a public service. In these days, it is good for everybody's morale to know that there are still dreamers somewhere in the world.

◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The British Press Association here received several cans of newsreels from Egypt last week, one of them bearing the simple identifying label "1,200 Feet of Captured Italian Generals."

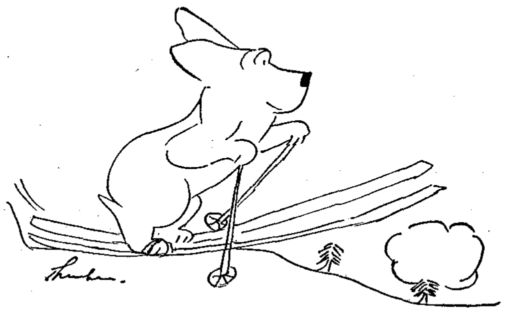
Whenever one of its private dining rooms is taken for a bachelor dinner, the Yale Club provides an artificial fireplace, for smashing glasses in. No extra charge, except, of course, for the glasses.

In Steubenville, Ohio, progressive housewives may shop at Ism, the Modern Super-Market.

The Animal Trap Company of America has been given a contract to supply the Army with $71,000 worth of folding canvas cots.

On Dit

IN the company of a gossipy bibliographer, a veritable Cholly Knickerbocker of his kind, we wandered among the hundred and fifty-five rare sporting manuscripts and books now on display at the Grolier Club, gathering a few bits of inconsequential lore which may be of interest in case you're thinking of dropping up there before the exhibition closes February 4th. "Six Hundred Years of Sport" is the title of the show and it is the most comprehensive of its kind to date. Some of the items are quite expensive, such as the illuminated vellum manuscript "Le Livre de la Chasse," with eighty-eight brilliantly colored miniatures of otter-hunting and similar diversions. This manuscript was presented in 1387 to Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, by Count Gaston Phebus, who had ordered it written and later was unfortunately done in by an unsympathetic bear. You probably wouldn't need to be told that it's the most highly prized sporting MS. in existence if you knew that an offer of $165,000 for it was refused several years ago by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, who is still its owner. Dr. R. values it at a quarter of a million dollars, our bibliographer whispered. "The Treatise on Hunting and Falconry," by the Duke of Nardo, another illuminated manuscript, with the papal arms on the cover, was executed for Pope Clement VII. Our gadabout mentioned that the Duke—who, although a Prince of the Church, liked nothing better than to falcon—slapped a chapter on theology in the front at the last minute to make it a more acceptable gift to His Holiness. "The Dangers and Adventures of the Famous Hero and Knight, Sir Tewrdannckh" is a book on vellum describing the exploits of a huntsman remarkably like the author, Maximilian I, Holy Roman Emperor, who could ride thirty-six hours at a stretch after a quarry and bend a horseshoe straight. The book was copied from an earlier MS., a rush job, dictated by Maximilian to three secretaries and hurriedly presented to Princess Mary of Burgundy in an effort to distract her mind from the fact that he had arrived at court a year late for their marriage—a dodge that worked, apparently. The copy at the Grolier Club, printed at Augsburg in 1517, had been out two years when Maximilian, then aged fifty-nine, died, having killed more game than Orson Munn.



We moved along to a volume entitled "The Bokys of Haukyng and Huntyng and also of Cootarmuris," which our conductor explained was a successful attempt by fifteenth-century English café society to establish a *Social Register*. The book contained not only a compendium of the complicated hunting procedure of the day but also a section with illustrations of the leading British coats of arms. This conveniently indicated who was who, and the volume had a profitable sale among the newer families, sprung up since the Norman invasion, who were able to brush up on their betters while ostensibly studying the rules of sport.

As we departed from the club, our bibliographer remarked that the use of ancient sporting words today often gave him a wry amusement. "For example," he said, "take the name of that fashionable new apartment house, Sutton Mews. Mews were originally cages in which falcons were placed during their molts, periods when they mewed in a sickly fashion. Odd name for an apartment house on the East Side."

Quiz

KEEPING resolutely in step with the times, a Baptist church in the Bronx has posted a sign outside its door saying:

> What is the Worst Sin of the Bronx?
> We will tell you Sunday night at 8.
> A Gift to the first to give the right answer.

Gem of the Ocean

NOT long ago we read about a Panamanian ship named the Charles Pratt, commanded by a skipper with the fine old Central American patronymic of Blomquist, which had been sunk by a submarine off Africa, causing the death of two sailors named Duffy and Dougherty. Another Panamanian vessel was later shelled by an unidentified cruiser off the Azores. These happenings finally prompted us to go down to the office of the Panamanian Consul General at 90 Broad Street and ask about the size of the Panamanian merchant marine. A friendly vice-consul said that nobody there knew exactly, since it was growing every day, but that a list of ships registered under the Panamanian flag had just arrived from Panama City, and if we wanted to, we could count them. We did, and got a total of 215 ships. We also counted their tonnage and it came to 900,000, which is nearly two tons of ship for every citizen of Panama.

Only one vessel, an eight-ton motorboat, was listed as Panamanian *ab origine*. The rest had been transferred from the flags of most of the maritime countries of the world and some that we'd never thought of before as maritime, like Hungary and Switzerland. We were told that both these countries, although without a navy, as reputed, had small merchant marines. Swiss boats used to sail down the Rhine from Basel and across the English Channel. Hungarian ships sailed the Danube, and maybe some of them still do. A Mr.

Lopez, whom we met at the Consulate, said contentedly, "Of course, that list doesn't include ships that have changed to Panamanian registry in the last six months. That long, they're on a provisional list." About a third of the Panamanian tonnage formerly flew the flag of the United States, Mr. Lopez told us.

We asked Mr. Lopez if many Panamanians were sailors, and he said that practically none were. Putting a vessel under the Panamanian flag is something like incorporating in Delaware. No change in ownership or personnel is necessary and the papers can be filed in any consulate of the Republic of Panama. Filing the papers is all there is to it. Panama's rise to nautical eminence began during prohibition, when a couple of ships of the Harriman Line switched from United States registry and served liquor aboard, but it wasn't until 1937, when European shipowners began to have premonitions of war, that the boom started. The owners figured that Panama would stay neutral as long as anyone, and its registration law was a model of convenience. Shipowners in the United States who transferred vessels to Panamanian registry after the war began had a somewhat different reason. They foresaw that the government would allow Panamanian-flag vessels owned here to carry cargo to the war zone before it relaxed the restrictions on ships flying the American flag. When the European war began, Panama was about fifteenth among the maritime nations of the world, but since then other merchant marines have lost so heavily by sinkings (and transfers to Panamanian registry) that the Republic now probably ranks among the first ten, in a neck-and-neck race with Russia.

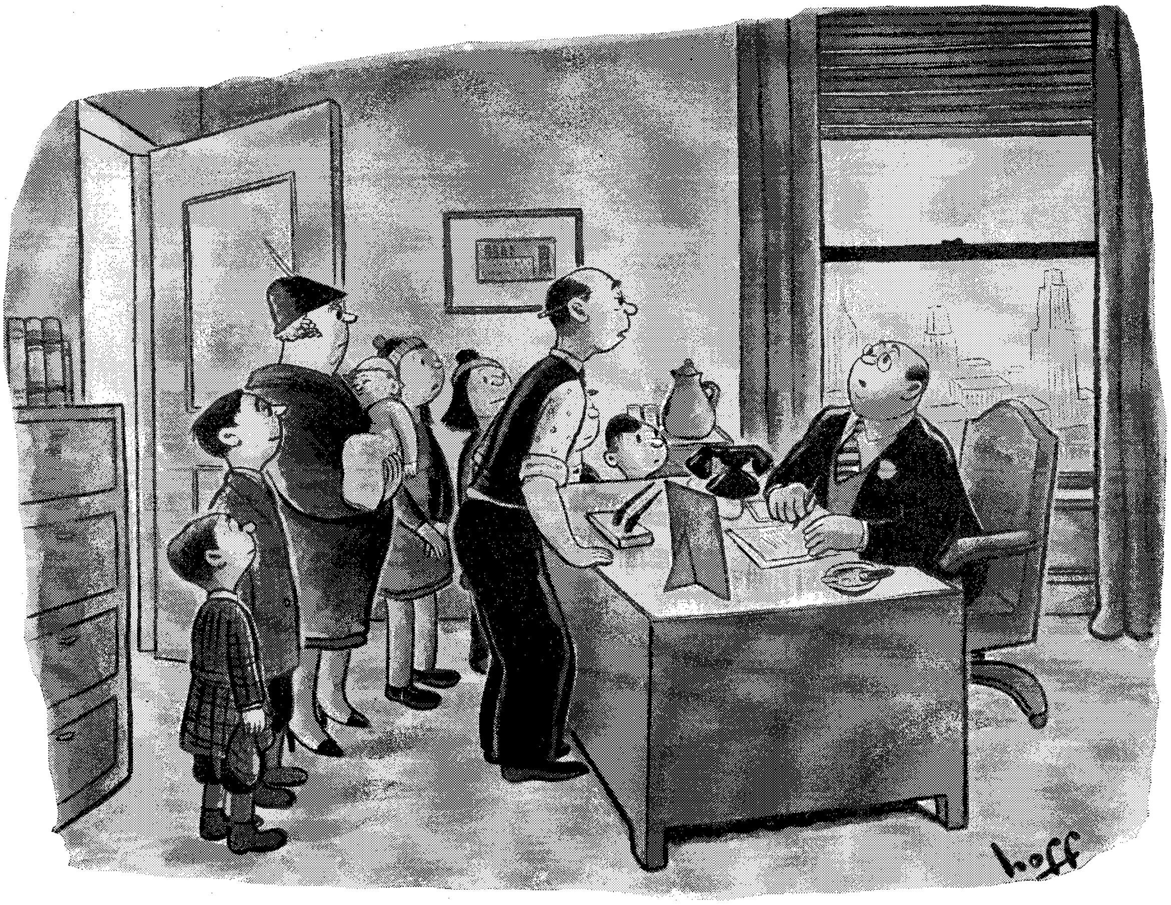
One detail never omitted from the ceremony of conferring Panamanian nationality on a ship is the payment by the shipowner to the Panamanian government of one dollar for each net ton involved. The owner must pay ten cents a net ton every year thereafter. He must also retain a Panamanian citizen to represent him as agent in his ship's new home port. The fees can add $500,000 to the national income in a good year, like the one just past, and in a country as small as Panama, $500,000 counts. It's about a dollar per inhabitant.

Technical Knockout

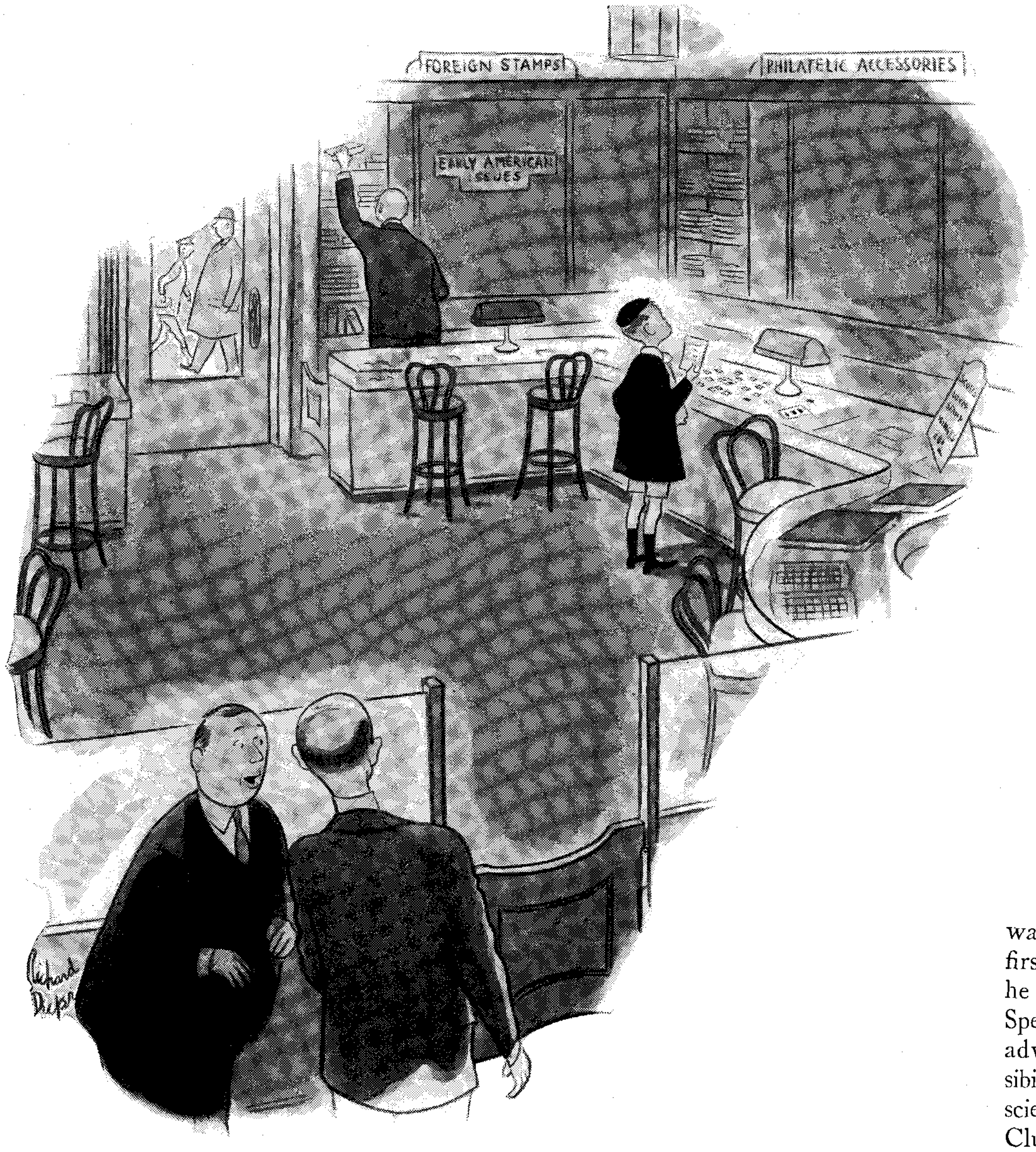
JUDGE BEN SHALLECK was paying just the necessary amount of attention to a case which was proceeding before him in Municipal Court the other day when the defendant, who had taken the stand, said something that caused the Judge to prick up his ears. "I never promised the plaintiff to pay him that money," said the defendant, "and if Benny Leonard were here, he would tell you so. Benny Leonard was in the room when the plaintiff called on me." The Judge turned to the defendant. "I wonder," he said musingly, "whether you made that statement because you happened to know that Benny Leonard is a friend of mine." Without waiting for the man on the witness stand to answer him, the Judge beckoned to an attendant and whispered some instructions. Then he adjourned the case for half an hour. When it resumed and the defendant climbed back in the witness box, the famous prizefighter, Benny Leonard himself, was seated beside the Judge. Looking down sternly at the crestfallen defendant, Judge Shalleck said, "Well, here's Mr. Leonard. Do you want to repeat your testimony, or do you want an opportunity to retract what you said?" "I'll retract," mumbled the defendant. "Judgment for the plaintiff," intoned the Judge.

Large Gesture

PEOPLE who tried to buy a couple of orchestra seats for "Life with Father" last week and couldn't probably have Mr. Herbert James Grey to blame. Mr. Grey is president of the Wilkinson-Grey Company, a paper-and-twine firm on East Forty-fourth Street which is also known as Wrappingly Speaking. Both names appear in the telephone book. Mr. Grey sells wrapping material to some three thousand concerns, including Sears Roebuck, General Electric, the *Daily News*, and the Ward Baking Company. As a good-will gesture, Mr. Grey gives an astonishingly large theatre party every five



"It's about the possibility of a raise, Mr. Oliphant."



"I'm told he's made and lost several fortunes in stamps."

• •

years or so for executives of companies he does business with and their wives. This began in December, 1925, when Grey, then twenty-seven, celebrated his fifth anniversary in the trade by taking 1,500 customers to a comedy called "Is Zat So?" In December, 1932, when everyone was wrapping up Christmas presents like mad, he took 3,000 people to "Whistling in the Dark," a comedy. In 1935, he entertained 4,000 at "A Slight Case of Murder," a melodrama. Mr. Grey's parties in all cases being beyond the seating capacity of the theatre he entertains at, he is compelled to split them into sections and spread the function over several nights. This winter's party should have taken place last month, but was put off because Mr. Grey couldn't get the seats he wanted—the entire orchestra for three successive nights—until last week, and at that "Life with Father" was doing so well he couldn't get the discount he is accustomed to. As it was, despite the fact that he had trimmed his guest list down to 1,500, he was out $6,000, considerably more than any of his previous parties have cost him. A contributing factor in this was his cutting out the balcony this year. He found that putting guests upstairs sometimes wasn't conducive to good will. In any event, Mr. Grey is sold on the idea of smaller, more select parties, like Mrs. H. McK. Twombly.

Mr. Grey's twentieth-anniversary celebration concluded on Thursday evening of last week. We called on him early Friday morning, and found that he had already received several hundreds of letters and telegrams of thanks, many from Connecticut and upstate New York people. He told us that at his party he himself keeps in the background, usually sitting at the rear of a box. He doesn't expect anyone to say hello or goodbye to him, and hardly anyone does. Special tickets are printed for the event, and as male members of the audience arrive at the door they are given white carnations. The tickets are always printed on grey paper. Mr. Grey's business stationery is grey and his trademark consists of a Greyhound over the words "Always on the jump." Habitually, Mr. Grey wears a grey suit, a grey shirt, grey necktie, grey eyes, and hair which is accommodatingly greying at the temples. We asked him about how he thought up "Wrappingly Speaking" and he said he thought of wrapping paper and sincerely yours and combined them. This explanation doesn't seem entirely clear to us at this writing, but we neglected to pursue the matter at the time. Anyhow, the phrase was adopted in 1920, when Mr. Grey first went into business, and since then he has signed all his mail "Wrappingly Speaking." Mr. Grey does considerable advance scouting and weighing of possibilities in party years, being as conscientious as the Book-of-the-Month Club, or the Pulitzer Committee, or the Drama Critics Circle, or any of those outfits. He saw "Life with Father" three times before deciding finally that its note of refinement made it preferable to "Hellz-a-Poppin," which was runner-up.

Real Thing

A DOWNTOWN shipping man recently had occasion to address a letter to a before-the-war business connection in a small Swedish town. He didn't know how to spell the name of the town, but he did know that the Swedish Travel Information Bureau was still open, and he put through a telephone call to it. There he got a pleasant-voiced young lady who said she didn't know the proper spelling, said she couldn't even hazard a guess. The man was about to give up at this, but the feminine voice hurried on: "If you'll just wait a moment, I think there is somebody here who can tell you. I'll connect you with a genuine Swede." She did, and the man got his information right off.

Judgelings

THE Basildon Room at the Waldorf will hold six hundred lady gardeners, and blow us down if it didn't last Thursday, when we stopped by to hear a lecture sponsored by the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State as part of a course purposing to teach the technique of judging at flower shows. The lecture was called "What the Judge Expects of the Exhibitor in Horticultural Classes," and it was delivered by Mr. George H. Gillies, head gardener of the Marshall Field estate. It wound up a four-day session of instruction, which cost the students nine dollars each. Exams were scheduled for the following day. Any sneaking idea we might have had that judging at flower shows is a lucrative vocation was dissipated by Mrs. C. Monford Cole, chairman of the judging-course committee, who told us that a judge may get a lunch out of it, but that's all. We caught Mrs. Cole outside the Basildon Room a few moments before we plunged in there, and she told us that an aspirant must pass five of these courses to be certified as a judge by the Garden Clubs. In the last ten years only some thirty-five certificates have been awarded. "But," Mrs. Cole said, "the lectures are well worth while themselves. Mr. Gillies, for example, is very entertaining and a very successful exhibitor."

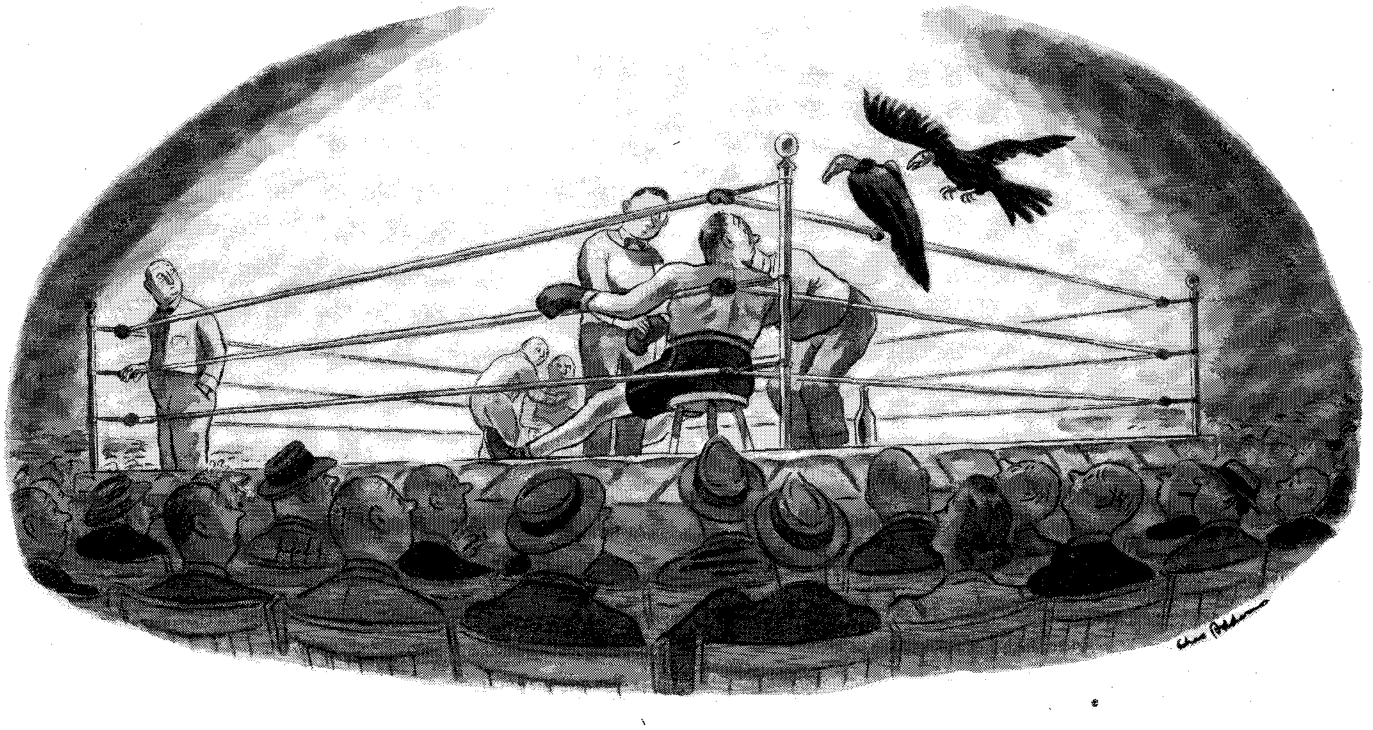
Not wanting to miss too much of Mr. Gillies' lecture, we joined the six hundred ladies and right away began taking notes at a great rate. "Judges, in my opinion," were the first words we heard, "should be careful about disqualifying. They should not be too strict, especially at amateur shows. On the other hand, it is helpful to have exhibits properly labelled. I confess that in the excitement of a show I am apt to be shaky on scientific names." If Mr. Gillies was shaky in the presence of his six hundred lady listeners, he was disguising it perfectly. He seemed as self-contained as a Calvin Coolidge rose, and in addition the nattiest gardener we have ever seen. The ladies were all attentive except one near us, who appeared definitely blasé. Mr. Gillies spoke of the tendency toward haphazardness in arrangement among exhibitors in horticultural classes, and a friend who was sitting next to this lady leaned over and said to her, "Isn't it true!" "Very true," said the blasé one.

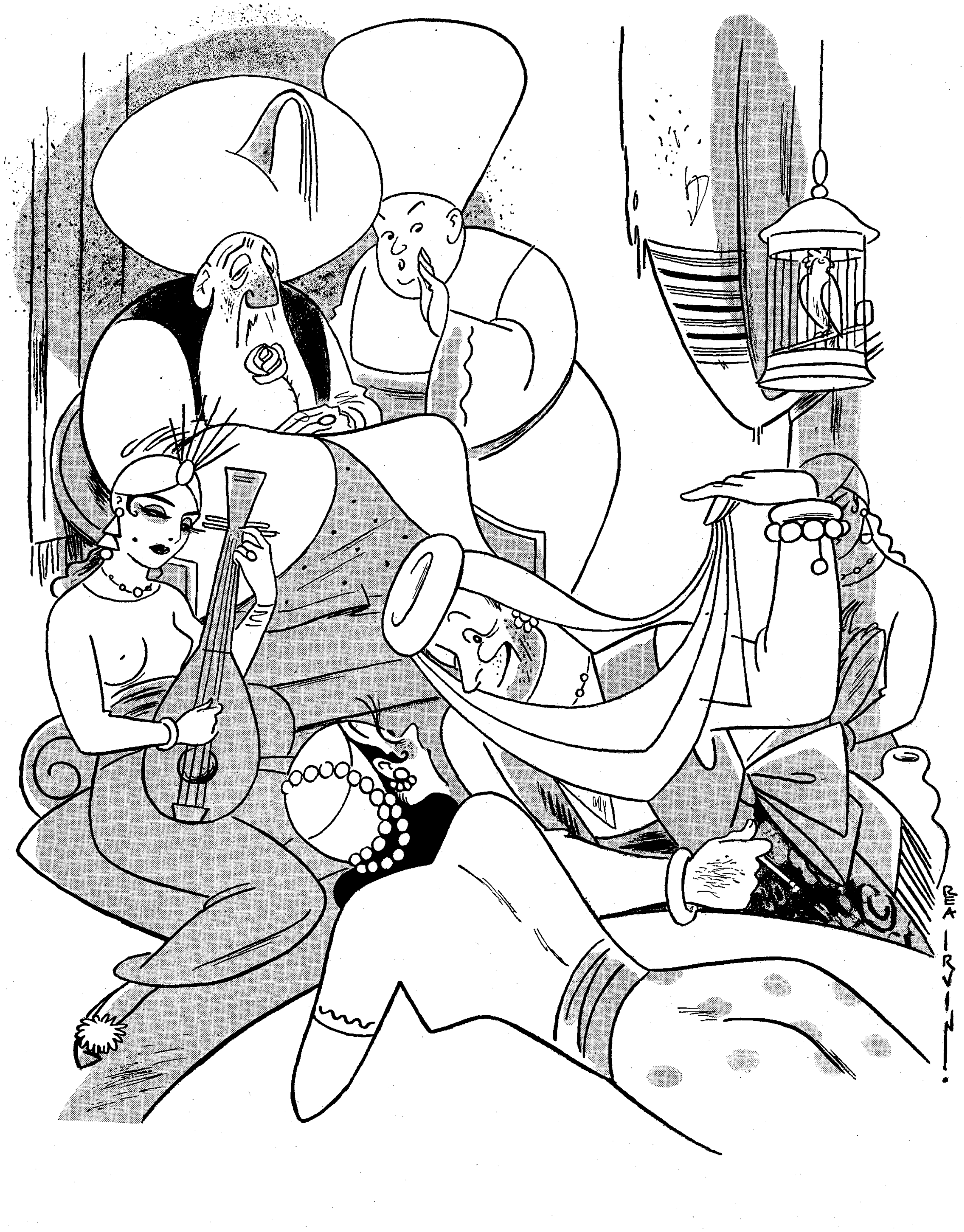
Mr. Gillies closed his remarks with a prayer for the future, declaring, in part, "I hope to live to see the day when the horticultural classes are as great as the arrangement classes. Ladies have taught professional gardeners a great deal about the arrangement of flowers. I would like to see the ladies, in turn, learn more about growing them. That is what I would consider progress." A question period followed and a lady said, "Mr. Gillies, you told us that a judge would take points away from a dahlia if the back petals were shrivelled. I've always heard that when a dahlia was at its best, the back petals were usually shrivelled." "I don't think I said 'shrivelled,' " said Mr. Gillies, we thought a trifle shortly. "I think I said 'bruised.' " "Then it's all right if they're shrivelled?" the lady asked, wanting to be sure. "Shrivelled but not bruised," Mr. Gillies confirmed. This discussion was largely wasted on us.

Even after the formal question period was over, the audience crowded up onto the platform to ask more at close quarters. We couldn't get near Mr. Gillies and had to be content with a brief comment from an usher at the door of the Basildon Room, who had listened to the whole course of lectures and was proportionately more bewildered than were we. "They laughed sometimes," he said, among other things, "but I never knew what the hell they were laughing at."

It Gets Them All

OUR favorite young man of the week is a suburban boy named Sylvester, aged ten. Sylvester, who listens to all the radio crime serials and takes in a movie now and then, was left by his mother to mind the baby one afternoon when she had to run across the street to see a friend. Arriving home after her errand, she heard the baby howling and shrieking in the nursery, and, she concluded from certain sounds, beating his head vigorously against the bars of his crib. Sylvester was sitting in a chair, calmly reading a book. "Sylvester," screamed his mother, "why haven't you been in there to see what is the matter with Baby?" "Aw, there ain't nothing the matter with him," said Sylvester, putting on his Humphrey Bogart scowl. "He's just stir-crazy."





"*Beware of the new girl, O Effendi! I suspect sabotage.*"

I HARDLY CLOSED AN EYE

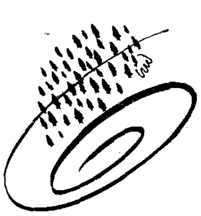
WOULD anybody like to know what I have always contended? . . . Thank you. I have always contended that a sensitive young man of good constitution, casting about for some uncrowded profession, could do worse than become a hypochondriac. The hours are your own, working conditions are perfection if you own an inner-spring mattress, and the formidable mass of medical jargon employed by a hypochondriac entitles him to the respect accorded a physician once removed. Given a copy of Gray's "Anatomy," a vapor kettle, and a bottle of benzoin, the variations are limitless.

Though little more than a distinguished amateur in the field, I found good wincing this week in two somewhat divergent items: one a bulletin drawn from the *Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine*, the other the August issue of *Superman*, the British health magazine. The title of the bulletin—"Pharmacology of Inflammation: III. Influence of Hygroscopic Agents on Irritation from Cigarette Smoke"—is no more portentous than its conclusions. I had not read beyond the title when I started ripping open my cigarettes in an agony of doubt. True, there was no trace of agents, beyond a suspicious bit of green felt which might have come from a Tyrolian hat of the sort they affect. But the bare possibility that *something* had crept in besides good old sun-dried burley was enough for baby, and I read the complicated experiment of the Messrs. Mulinos and Osborne with a mixture of fascinated horror and voluptuous yawns.

"We herewith report," state the authors, "a successful attempt to measure objectively the irritant properties of cigarette smoke. We used the conjunctival sac of rabbits according to the technic of Hirschhorn and Mulinos." Why the rabbit was made the butt of the research rather than, let us say, the mongoose or wapiti is not quite clear, but I assume Bunny must be the chain smoker of the animal kingdom. And, just in passing, it seems to me the investigators throw away that line about the sac a trifle too blandly. Conjunctival sacs do not grow on trees; I personally would be hard put to know where to pick one up. However, if the stories *I* hear are true, there are plenty of spots around the College of Physicians and Surgeons where you can get anything you want for a price.

Hardly ankle-deep in the bewildering chart on page 2, I soon confirmed what I half suspected—that I was a very sick boy indeed. The two hygroscopic agents usually employed in the manufacture of cigarettes, observed the bulletin carelessly, are glycerin and di-ethylene-glycol, "deemed necessary to maintain the proper moisture content of the cigarette." Rising leisurely and trampling down my two small children in passage, I repaired to the medicine chest and examined my features. There was no doubt about it—a thin film which could only be glycerine had formed over my eyeballs. I lit a cigarette with shaking hands and, as the cooling di-ethylene-glycol steadied the echoing ganglia, plunged back into the bulletin.

The actual mechanics of the test were absurdly simple to anyone possessing the slightest degree of intelligence and a master's degree in biochemistry. Unfortunately, I am still remembered in the academic halls as the boy who flunked four successive years of freshman trigonometry, and it is possible I missed a fine shade of meaning here and there. No matter how many times I read the phrase "In Fig. 1, smoke from the burning cigarette which is protected from drafts by a jacket *h* . . . ammonia tube *g* . . . maintained by artificial means, by immersion of cylinder *f*, in a water bath," all I got was the smell of a wet sheepskin coat drying on a radiator and the soft tinkle of banjos in the quad. The upshot of the experiment, that cigarettes containing di-ethylene-glycol proved less irritating than those with glycerin, found me on a horizontal plane, softly humming "Brunonia, Mother of Men." It was not until I detected the footnote "This research was made possible by a grant from Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.," that everything suddenly came into sharp focus. So I had been present at the birth of an advertising campaign. Any day now I expect to see photographs of socially prominent rabbits lingering over their smokes in a rather smart hutch and murmuring, "It's di-ethylene-glycol two to one, you know. Just ask your conjunctival sac." In the meantime, if it's all right with Mulinos and Osborne, I'm on a cubeb wagon.



THE problems discussed in *Superman, the National Physical Culture Monthly,* if less general in nature, are certainly as acute. A correspondent identified as K.W.H. (Cheltenham) complains in the Question Box, "When I bend my head forward I hear a clicking noise and this is gradually getting more pronounced. What should I do to get rid of it?" Obviously, K.W.H. (Cheltenham) has accidentally swallowed some billiard balls and each time he bends his neck they kiss, yet instead of encouraging this young hypochondriac and urging him to develop his latent brilliance, the editors dismiss him with a snide little fanfaronade about his neck muscles. The same is true of a correspondent from Swindon, who writes, "I have a pain in the back which a doctor says is myosotis. I should like to know the treatment." To advise such an individual to restrict his consumption of fried food and pickles is an evasion. I do not presume to be Sir William Osler, but my guess is that our Swindon friend somehow ingested a sailmaker's needle (there are several retired sailmakers resident around Swindon). Or he may have had an experience similar to that of the noted vaudeville actor Bert Fitzgibbon. The latter arbitrated a dispute between two excited hoodlums and thereafter went about for a week complaining of a pain in the fleshy part of the leg, unaware he was harboring a .38-calibre slug. Myosotis indeed!

Perhaps the most promising timber of all, however, is the suppliant signing himself "W.H.S. (Brownhills)." "Please criticise my measurements and feats. Am I large or small-boned?" he implores, appending a series of details concerning his chest, waist, and biceps. I believe I know what is troubling W.H.S. He spent the previous evening at a shebeen vying with some friends to see who could pick up the heaviest toddy, and has awakened with the strange sensation that his shape has altered. By merely crooking his finger, he manages to knock over a lamp in a far corner, but when he prepares to rise, his feet hardly touch the floor. It is scarcely scientific, therefore, to suggest, as does the editor, "You should get busy with progressive heavy exercise." Even the very lightest exercise, like combing the hair, might result in complete collapse. The only medication worth the name is to swarm back into bed with a mild restorative, like a quart of Irish, and lie there worrying. . . . *Say*, could that be a solution for all of us?

—S. J. PERELMAN

PRIMROSE PATH

JUDY GRAVES opened the pale-blue envelope addressed to her in Mary Caswell's handwriting. She was prepared for the invitation it contained, but she was not prepared for the formal and elegant wording. Mary had used her personal notepaper. At the left of the page, in the upper corner, was a butterfly printed in a darker shade of blue, and underneath it was Mary's name, also printed. The invitation, which was written in longhand, read:

Miss Mary Caswell
Requests the pleasure of
Miss Judy Graves' company
At a dance to be given at her home,
Eighteen East Seventy-eighth Street,
New York City,
on
Friday, January Seventeenth,
Nineteen Hundred and Forty-One.
R.S.V.P.

Judy stared at it, impressed. "Well," she said. "What do you know about that!"

Her sister, Lois, who was rubbing vaseline into her eyebrows in front of the dressing-table mirror, turned around. "What is it?" she asked.

"It's the invite to Mary's dance," Judy said. "And it's formal."

Lois took the sheet of paper. "How too silly! If she was trying to be ritzy, why didn't she have them engraved? And a dance for a lot of twelve-year-old kids. You'll trample one another to death. Thank heavens, I don't have to go."

"You're too old. You're almost sixteen," Judy said. "I wonder if Mrs. Caswell will stay in her room the whole time the way Mrs. Adams did when Fuffy had her party."

"Well, if she does, there won't be much dancing," Lois said. "The boys will go into a huddle and the whole thing will end in a brawl. Besides, what are you going to dance *to?* Victrola records or the radio or something?"

"To records," Judy told her. "Mary wanted a band, but there wasn't room. Mr. Caswell is going to change the records. They're going to move the victrola out into the hall so he won't be in the way."

She took the invitation from Lois and read it again. "I don't get it," she said. "Mrs. Caswell wrote one out for a sample and Mary brought it to school. It wasn't like this one at all. It just said that Mary was going to have a party. Jean Drummond told Mary it was too babyish, and she loaned Mary an etiquette book. I guess Mary copied this one out of the book."

"I wouldn't know."

"Well," Judy said, "I better get going. I have to be at Fuffy's this morning to meet a friend of her brother's. If it's all right, he's going to take me to the dance."

"If what's all right?" Lois asked.

"Oh, you know." Judy's eyelids fluttered nervously. "If it's O.K. If he says he won't, Mrs. Adams told Barlow he'd have to take both Fuffy and me."

Lois's laugh was scornful. "Before I'd go and be looked over like a prize horse or something!"

"I don't mind," Judy said mildly. She went to her closet and took out her coat and hat. "Barlow says he doesn't like girls."

"Who?"

"This boy. His name is Haskell Cummings. He's going to Exeter next year." Judy smoothed her hair carefully before she put on her hat. "Barlow says he doesn't mind girls so much if they're good sports. Well, I'll be seeing you."

"Mmm," Lois murmured. She turned back to the mirror and again massaged her eyebrows gently.

WHEN Judy rang the bell of the Adamses' apartment, Fuffy opened the door. "They're in Barlow's room," she whispered. "They're throwing darts."

"Oh," Judy said. She followed Fuffy into the living room and took off her coat and hat and laid them across the arm of the couch. "How tall is he?" she asked.

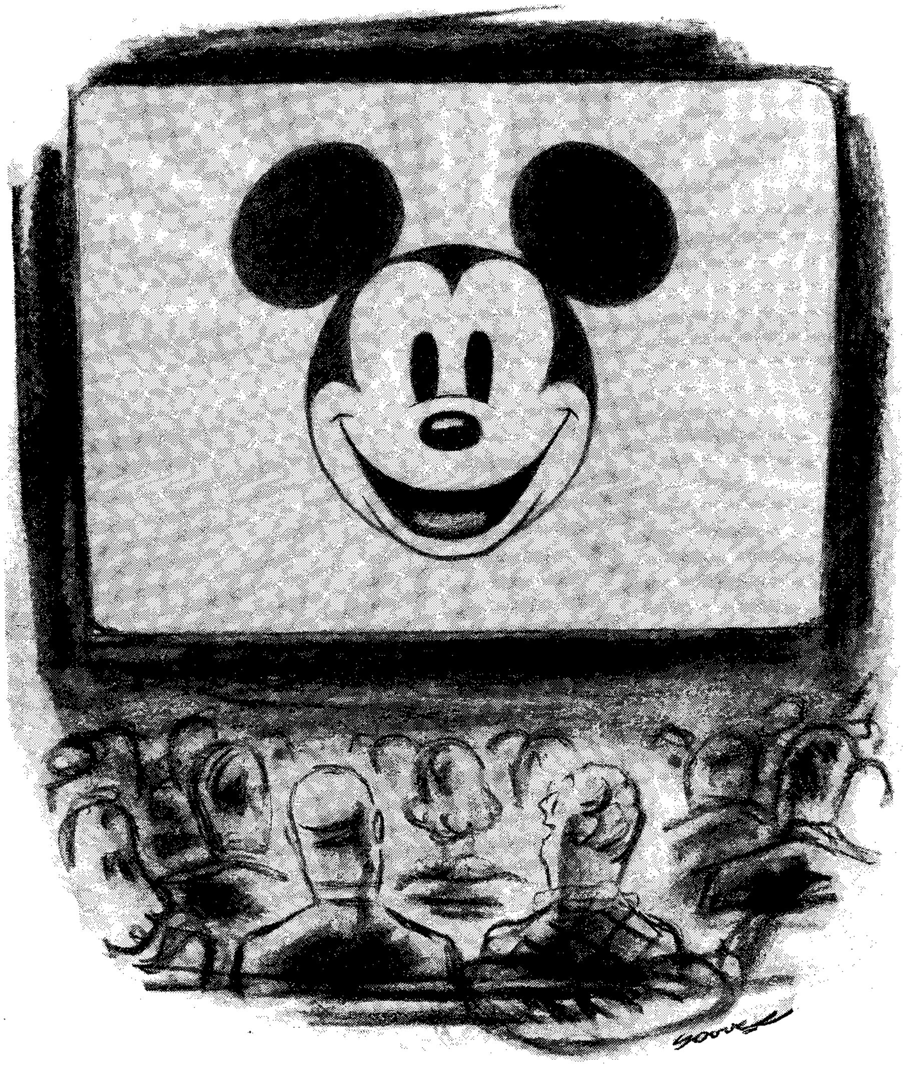
"As tall as you are. Maybe a little bit taller," Fuffy said. "If they don't come out pretty soon, I'll call them."

"You'd better not," Judy said. "They'll have to come out sometime."

Fuffy sat down on the couch. "Maybe you're right," she said. "Mom asked them if they didn't want to stay for lunch with us, but they said they'd rather eat at the Automat."

"The Automat *is* nice."

The two girls were silent. They could



"Ah, Stokowski!"

hear the sound of the darts as they hit the target, which was nailed to the door of Barlow's room, and they could hear Barlow's voice as he called "Bull's-eye!"

"Let's play cards or something," Judy said. "It will look funny if they find us just sitting here waiting."

"O.K.," Fuffy said. She went to the hall closet and got out the card table. "Beat you at double Canfield!" Her voice was loud and enthusiastic. She set the table up and, taking two packs of cards from the desk drawer, held them out to Judy. "Which'll you have? The reds or the greens?"

"The reds." Judy drew a straight chair up to the table and began to shuffle. "Have you answered your invitation yet?"

"What did you think of it?" Fuffy asked. "Did you ever!"

"Well," Judy said, "I suppose she wanted it formal."

"Formal!" Fuffy laughed. "I thought it looked lousy."

"It did look funny," Judy agreed. "But that's on account of Mary's handwriting. I think it was all right, though. I mean the way it was put."

"It slayed Daddy. And Mom says she doesn't think Mrs. Caswell *knew*. She thinks Mary did it on her own."

"Oh, I don't doubt *that*," Judy said. "I don't doubt that at all." She put a two and a three of hearts on Fuffy's ace.

THE door of Barlow's room opened, and at the sound the two girls began to laugh shrilly. "Oh!" Fuffy screamed. "You rat! That was my ace!"

They started to play furiously, slapping the cards down on the table and knocking them to the floor in their excitement. They appeared to be too engrossed in their game to look up as the boys entered the room.

"And a nine, and a ten, and a jack!" Judy cried. "I can't move until you get something. Get a hump on! You're too slow!"

Fuffy went through the remaining cards in her hand once more. "I'm bust, too," she said. She glanced at the boys carelessly. "Hello. Oh, that's right, Haskell. You don't know Judy Graves, do you? Judy, this is Haskell Cummings."

Judy stopped sorting the cards long enough to look up and smile. "Hello," she said. "Hello, Barlow."

The two boys moved nearer the table, and Fuffy counted the score. "Thirty-nine for you, Judy. And only *twenty* for me!"

Judy threw herself back heavily in the chair. "Wow! I'm bushed!" she said. "Well, I'm nineteen ahead anyway. Of course, it doesn't matter as long as we're not playing for money."

Haskell Cummings took a dime from his pocket, tossed it into the air, and caught it expertly. "I took this away from Adams," he said.

The girls looked at him in admiration. He was a slender boy with straight, light hair that fell over his forehead. He wore a belted tweed jacket and long, pale-gray trousers. His nose had been broken at one time and his chin receded only slightly, thanks to the family dentist, who had been working on it for five years.

"I wish," Fuffy said, "that Mary would have games. Not silly games, you know, but real ones with cards."

"Me too," Judy said. "I've known how to play poker for years."

"Even if she doesn't," Fuffy went on, "there's no good reason why we four can't play something if we want to. After all, what's the good of *dancing* all evening."

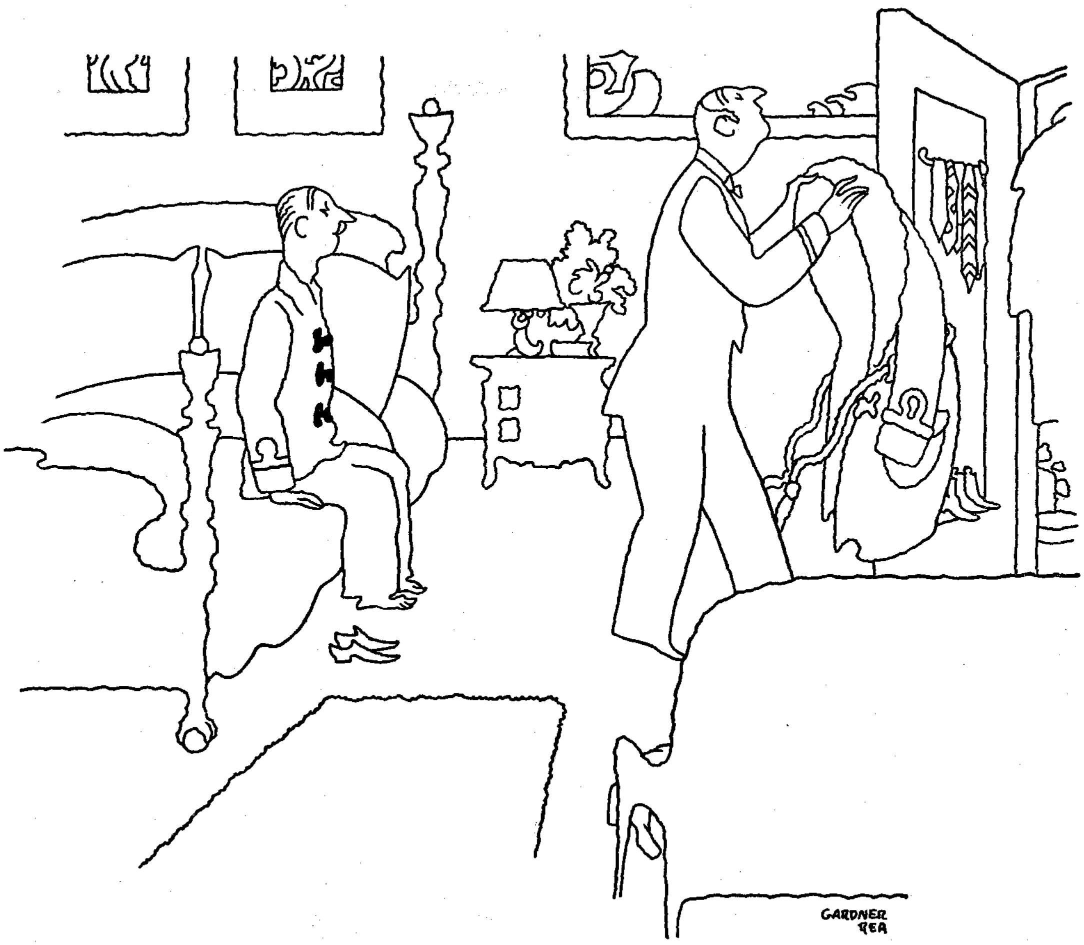
"Well, I said I'd go, but I didn't say I'd dance." Barlow kicked at the leg of the bridge table.

"I tell you what we could do," Judy said. "We could do exactly what we *want*. I mean what's the sense of sitting around like sticks. As long as we *have* to go, we might as well have some fun. We had loads of fun at your party, Fuffy."

"What happened?" Haskell Cummings asked.

"Oh, that's right, you weren't there," Judy said. "It was last year and I guess you didn't know Barlow then. Well, for one thing, we threw water out the window."

"Judy hit a man on the street." Fuffy laughed and shook her head at the happy memory. "For a while we thought he was going to come up and complain or



"Thank you, Allardyce. I think I can carry on from here."

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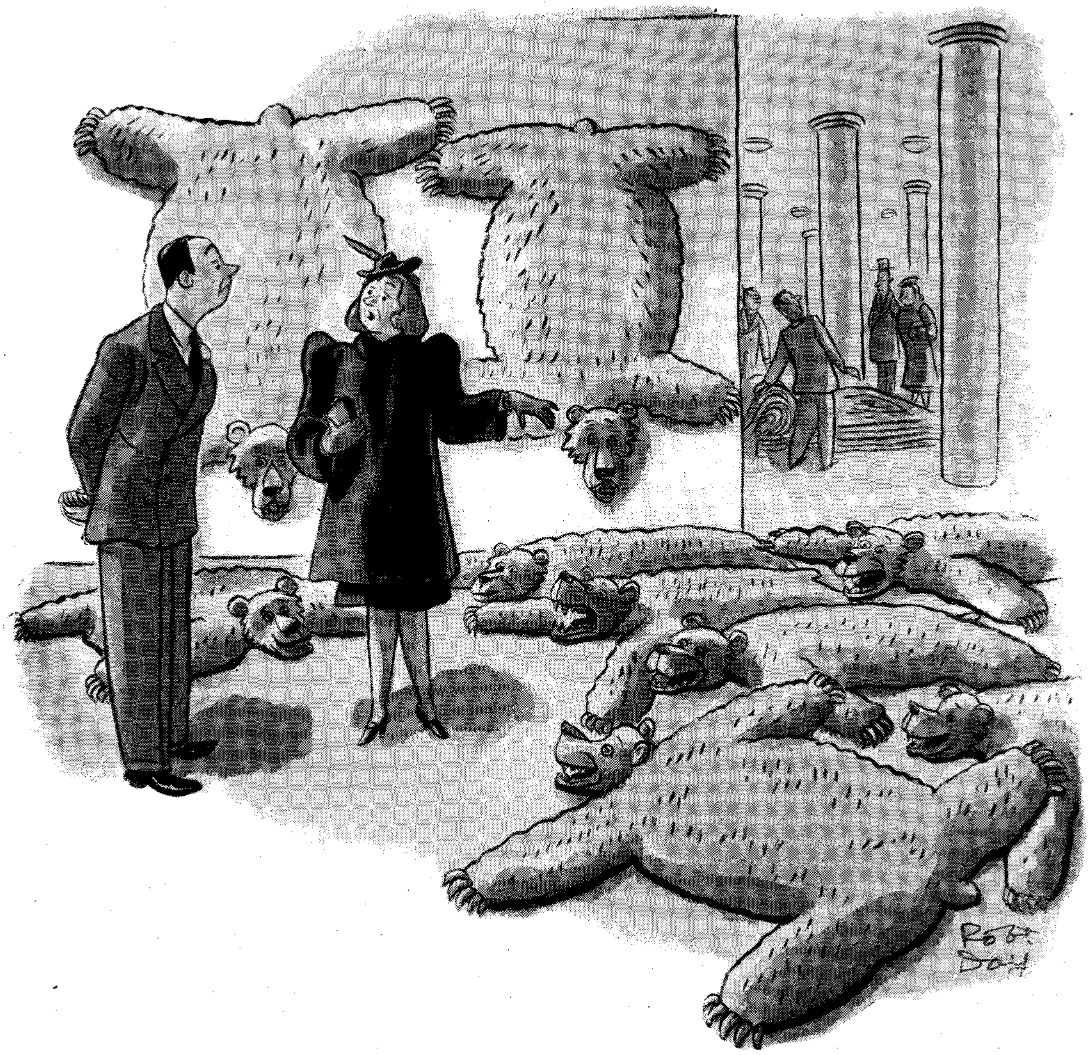

"What other expressions have you?"

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something. But he didn't. Not that we'd of cared."

"If he had come," Judy said, "I'd of told him to go sell his papers."

"Judy's *crazy*," Fuffy said loyally. "She'll do anything."

Haskell Cummings looked at Judy speculatively, and she stared back at him unflinching. "I'll do anything when I happen to feel like it," she said.

"She's the best basketball player at school," Fuffy said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Judy protested modestly.

"Where do you go in the summer?" Haskell Cummings asked her.

"South Dorset, Vermont," Judy said. "We've been going there for years. Where do you go?"

"Madison, Connecticut," he answered.

"I've been there. I visited my Aunt Julia there one summer."

"Do you know Jane Garside?" Haskell Cummings asked.

Judy held her breath and took the plunge. "That drip," she said.

Haskell's face lighted up. "Drip is right!" he said. "Where did you swim? At the yacht club or at the country club?"

"At the country club," Judy answered. She waited for Haskell Cummings' decision.

"That's where I swim," he said.

"Well, isn't that the funniest thing!" Judy said, and began to laugh. There was relief and excitement in her laughter.

"Hey, look out!" Fuffy warned her. "You'll get the hiccoughs!"

"Oh, don't!" Judy gasped. "Every time you say that, I *do* get them. And"—she drew in her breath—"I *have* got them!"

"Grab her arms! Grab her arms, and hold them over her head, and I'll get the vinegar!" Fuffy cried, and ran to the kitchen.

Haskell Cummings sprang into action and, taking Judy's arms, he yanked them in the air. "Somebody scare her!" he called. He let her arms go and, grabbing the back of her chair, tipped it over until it almost reached the floor. She shrieked wildly as he tilted the chair down and brought it swiftly up again. Her hair fell over her face and she giggled weakly.

"Well," Fuffy asked, as she came back into the room carrying the vinegar bottle, "how are they?"

Judy waited, scarcely breathing. "They're gone," she said. "Haskell cured them."

"That's the first time I've ever known Judy to have the hiccoughs and get over them like that," Fuffy said.

"When they get hiccoughs, the best thing to do is to scare them," Haskell said.

"It certainly worked, all right," Judy said. "Thanks a lot."

"Well," Barlow said, "we'd better get going."

"Thanks an *awful* lot," Judy said.

Haskell pulled down his tweed jacket and straightened his tie. "I can almost always cure hiccoughs," he said.

The two boys went out into the hall to get their hats and coats, and Fuffy followed them. Judy could hear them as they whispered together. Fuffy came back into the room as the front door closed.

"It's all right," she said. "He's going to take you. He says you're a darned good sport and not a *bit* affected."

They looked at one another and smiled. "I think he's nice," Judy said. "And we can have some fun now. I mean, we can stir up something and not poke around dancing."

"Oh, dancing!" Fuffy said. "Phooey to that stuff."

IN the week that followed, Judy called Fuffy up every night to talk about the party, and by the time Friday arrived she was weak with excitement. She bathed before dinner, which was served at half past six on her account. When she had finished her dessert, Mrs. Graves offered to help her get into her dress.

"No, thanks just the same," Judy said. "Just keep Lois out of the way. She makes me nervous, picking on me."

"Well, don't yank at your dress too hard when you pull it down or the net will tear," her mother said.

Judy laughed. "It'll probably be a

THE SENSE OF SMELL

Smells—how many
Evocative, poignant,
Hypnotic, pervading
Smells: the beanfield
(May's carousal),
The bonfire (autumn's
Mart of memory);
Turf smoke for Ireland,
Wine for France;
Moss rose, jasmine
For love, and violets;
Homesick rosemary,
Lavender, mint,
Buddleia (loud
With bees), and clover;
Trees in rain;
Tar for travel.

And the smells indoors:
Pantry and kitchen—
Chicken in casserole,
Baking bread,
Cheddar, cinnamon,
Herring and mackerel,
Coffee in the morning,
Oil and garlic.
Each of the rooms
A different blend—
Beeswax, hyacinth,
And burning logs;
Leather and pipe smoke;
Trunks and damp;
French fern soap
And bath powder;
Witch hazel, talc,
Laundered linen;
Smells of domestic
Peace, routine.

Social smells:
Office and warehouse,
Factory and train;
Smut and soot
And Diesel oil.
Smell of a church:
Hassocks and prayer books,
Varnished pews
And brass polish,
Odor of sanctity,
Gas and mortar.
Smells of hotels:
Cigars and soap.
Smells of the cinema:
Real and fancied—
The fancy sweet
With the spice of China,
Attar of summer
And Arabian wafts;
Plush and cheap
Scent and stale
Smoke the reality.
Smell of the work gang:
Coke in a brazier,
Sweat, corduroy,
Shirts they sleep in,
Beer and shag,
Cement, tarpaulin.
Smells of the rich:
Blend of indulgence—
Turkish tobacco,
Punch and gin,
Perfumed women
And men's barbers,
Eau de cologne
And Harris tweed.
Smells of shops:
Heterogeneous—
Clamor of groceries,
Candles, fish,
Methylated spirits,
Rolls of carpets.
Smell of the roads:
Of hedge and moor,
Gasoline, rubber,
Asphalt, carbon,
Flax and pinewood,
Tar and wind.
Smell of the ports:
Bales and pitch,
Crates of oranges,
Anthracite,
Terra Incognita,
Foreign flesh.
Smells of farms:
Goats and cow dung,
Hay and gaiters,
Udder and crupper,
A wet dog lying
On the parlor floor,
Hanging halters,
Mash and bran.

And whatever the place,
At whatever time,
The smells we cannot
Name, but known
Smells, and some
Unknown, but ours.

And how many others
Linked for different
People with different
Times and people,
Historic, exotic
Chains and fountains;
Smells that become
Picture and music,
Prayer and communion,
Challenge and anthem,
Ghost and angel,
Dissolving the present
Moment and changing
Season and tone
Back to a vanished
April, an ended
Voyage, a picnic
On grass that now
Is pavement; sweeping
Us back to islands
That are off the map,
To forbidden bedrooms
In demolished houses,
Homes we left
Or ports we touched at,
Back to a walled
Garden or a wood,
To a street or a field,
To nursery or *bistro*,
To unusual or usual
Days, to forgotten
Slang, to abandoned
Habits, to men
And women and children.

Smells—how many
Tricky, deceiving,
Luminous will-
O'-the-wisps, Aladdin's
Lamps that are lost
When hardly lit,
Bricked-up arches
Suddenly open,
Revealing roads
Or woodland alleys,
But bricked-up arches
Before we enter.
How many delights?
How many adieus?

—Louis MacNeice

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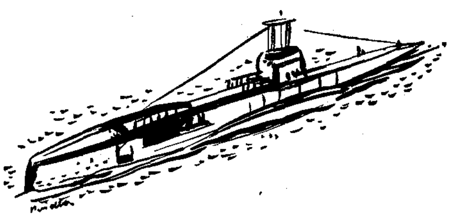
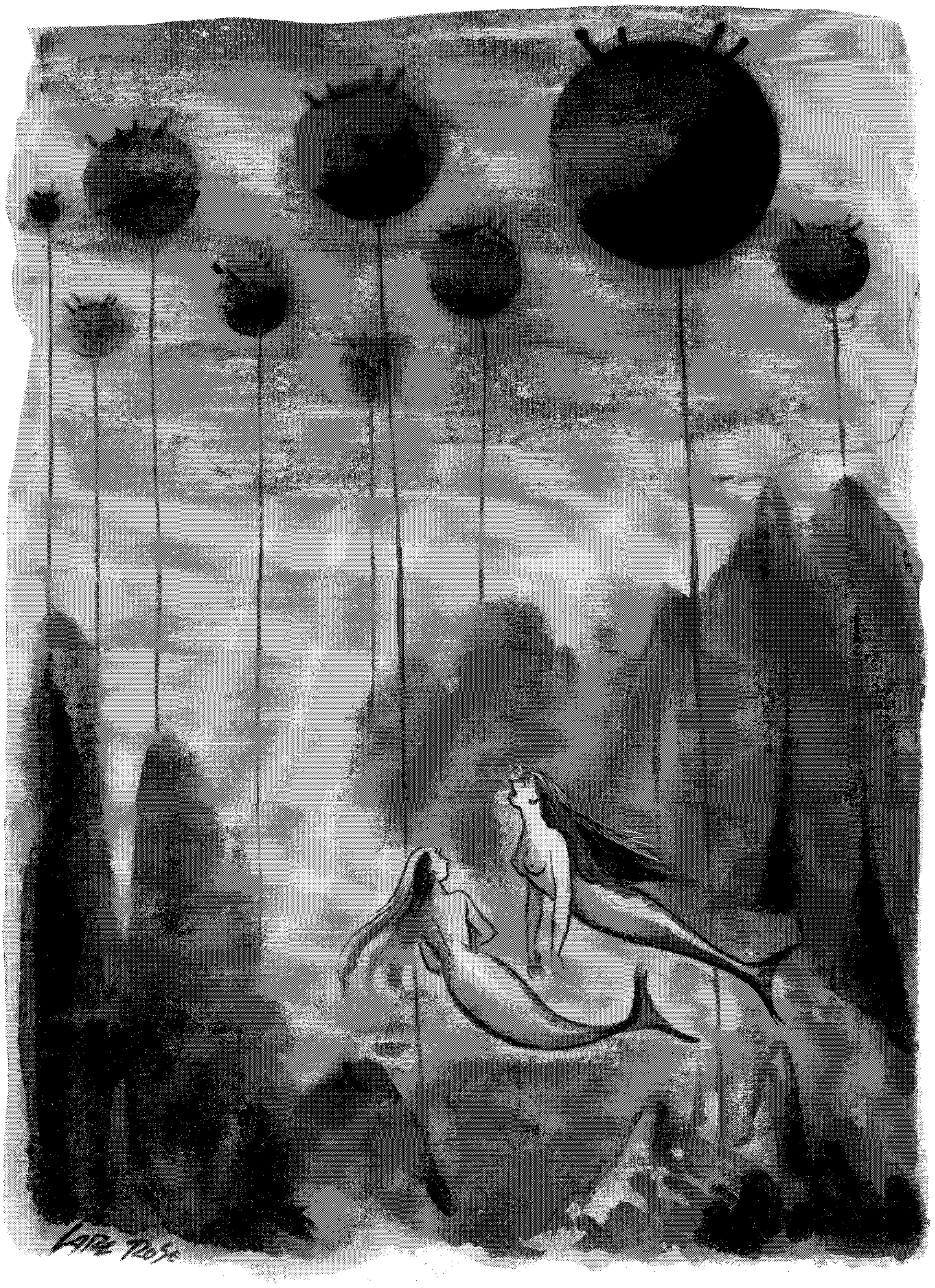
wreck before the night's over! Fuffy and Haskell and Barlow and I aren't going to bother much about *dancing*. *We're* going to play games and stuff."

"Don't be too rough," Mrs. Graves said.

The lamp on the bureau was lighted when Judy went into the room she shared with Lois. She closed the door and took off her flannel bathrobe, standing in front of her mirror in a white slip that reached to the floor. Earlier in the day she had rolled up the ends of her hair in curlers, and now she began to unfasten them slowly. Her dark-brown hair, which usually fell straight to her shoulders, lay in soft curls around her head. She fluffed it out and, going to the closet, took out her new white net dress. Although she had bought it early in January with the money her Aunt Julia had sent her for Christmas, there had been no occasion to wear it before. It had a long, full skirt, caught up in places by tiny blue bows, and there was another, larger bow on the right shoulder. She slipped the dress over her head. As she walked back to the mirror, the skirt swirled and rustled about her feet. Leaning closer to the mirror, she rested her elbows on the top of the bureau, her chin in the palms of her hands. The light from the lamp cast oblique shadows across her face. Her eyes looked bright and dark, and her hair was a dusky contrast against the whiteness of her throat. She tilted her head up, lowered her eyes, and studied herself through her lashes. The round fullness of her face seemed to fade, and she could see the outlines of her cheekbones. She looked older and slimmer. "I look as pretty as Lois," she thought.



For a long while she stood there, her eyes half closed. Then she turned and, walking briskly across the room, opened the top drawer of Lois's bureau. She found a small bottle of pale-pink nail polish and, sitting on the edge of her bed, she carefully applied it to her nails. When the polish was dry, she put the bottle back in the drawer and rummaged around until she found a small white enamel compact and a rose-colored Roger & Gallet lipstick. She brushed the powder on her face and neck and applied the lipstick. In her own handkerchief case she found a large white chiffon handkerchief embroidered with pink



"This used to be quite a nice neighborhood."

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roses, and she wrapped the compact and lipstick in it.

Once more she leaned close to the mirror, and fell in love with what she saw reflected there. Her blue satin slippers were soft on her feet, and her dress, billowing out below the waist, gave her a sense of lightness and well-being. She heard the doorbell ring and knew that Haskell Cummings had arrived to take her to the dance.

THERE was a rap on the bedroom door, and her mother's voice called, "Judy!"

"In a minute," she answered.

She picked up the handkerchief, opened the door, and walked across the hall to the living room. Haskell Cummings was talking to her mother and father and Lois. He stood with his back to Judy as she entered the room. He wore a dark-blue suit and his hair was brushed slickly back.

Mr. Graves looked up at Judy. "Well," he said. "Well."

Haskell Cummings turned around. He started to say "Hiyah there, Judy," but the words died in his throat.

"Good evening," Judy said, and held out her hand. "Aren't you nice to be so prompt!"

Something about the tone of her voice made him feel that he had been more than prompt, that he had been too early.

"We don't have to go yet if you don't want to," he said. "We can wait a while."

"Oh, goodness, it doesn't matter. As long as you're here, we might as well go," Judy said.

Mr. Graves got up from his chair. "I'll get your cape," he said. He went to the hall closet and brought Judy's cape to her.

"Here, Haskell," she said, handing him the compact and lipstick wrapped in her chiffon handkerchief. "Keep these in your pocket for me. I'm simply terrible. I lose everything."

He tucked them into the pocket of his coat and stared at Judy, not saying a word. She turned to her father and, raising her face, kissed him tenderly on the cheek.

"Well, good night, Daddy," she said. She walked across the room, her skirts swaying and her soft hair moving gently across the collar of her cape. Bending down, she kissed her mother lightly. "Good night," she said again.

"Have a nice time, darling."

Judy shrugged her shoulders and smiled. Her eyes drooped wearily. "Well, you know parties," she said. She nodded brightly to Lois and swept from the room, followed by Haskell Cummings, who had managed to mutter something that sounded like "Good night."

Judy stood to one side, waiting for Haskell to open the front door for her. "I do love to dance, though," she said. "Don't you?" She went out and Haskell followed her, closing the door behind him.

MR. and Mrs. Graves looked at one another. "She had lipstick on," Lois said. "And powder. And nail polish. And that Haskell Cummings acted like a dope."

Mr. Graves jingled the coins in his pocket. "Can you beat it!" he said. "She sold him down the river. Sold him down the river, by God!" His voice was rich with pride and satisfaction. "By God, if she didn't!" —SALLY BENSON

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Kansas City Star*]

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 10.—A new bottleneck in the military aircraft expansion program today is poking its threatening head from the inside of a vicious cycle to hamper production.

PROFILES

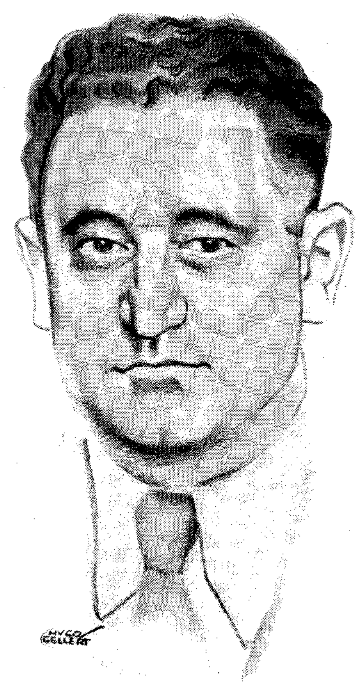
FIFTY PER CENT

ADOLF HITLER's rise to power has been a good thing for William Colston Leigh, of the Leigh Bureau of Lectures and Entertainments. In normal times, this nation, on the whole, likes to be lectured to, but in times of crisis it can't get enough. The lecture business received its first great impetus in the decade before the Civil War, when people flocked to hear high-calibre thinkers discuss abolition, and since then has always flourished in troubled periods. During the twenties there was some profit in booking what were known to the ship-news reporters as "visiting Englishmen"—novelists and minor nobility, most of them—but their vogue was ended by the radio and the talkies. When, however, the dogs of war were unleashed in Europe, there was unleashed over here a highly articulate pack of diplomats, foreign correspondents, literary refugees, and political commentators. They found an eager audience. The psychology of this is obscure, but it seems to be a fact that we Americans feel we can get nearer to the truth of a controversial matter by listening than we can by reading.

The nation's lecture bureaus gross between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 annually in commissions now, and business is improving. At least once or twice this winter, almost every solvent women's club, forum, service club, employees' organization, school, college, and charitable society in the nation will engage a lecturer. The fee may be anything between fifteen and fifteen hundred dollars. Potential lecturers arrive on almost every westward flight of the Yankee Clipper, and the number of lectures they can be booked for is, practically speaking, limited only by their physical endurance. W. Colston Leigh, Inc., constitutes the broadest channel for this influx of information. Of the half-dozen or so competitors in the field of nationwide lecture-booking, Leigh has the greatest number of lecturers—a hundred and twenty-two; the largest staff of assistants—thirty-nine women and three men; and the largest gross business—between $250,000 and $300,000 a year in commissions.

Leigh's catalogue offers the staple domestic products that remain in steady demand year in and year out: explorers for boys' schools, humorists, literate athletes, and inspirational speakers for conventions and Rotary Club meetings, intellectuals and best-selling novelists for more thoughtfully inclined groups. But a good half of the lecturers he now handles are specialists in current history. The front and back covers of a recent catalogue were taken up by blurbs about speakers capable of divulging "The Inside Story on Europe's War." Speakers not qualified to perform this stunt were relegated to the inside pages. W. Colston Leigh's clients can now get the dope straight from the mouth of any number of well-qualified horses: H. R. Knickerbocker, Vincent Sheean, Isaac Marcosson, Lord Marley, Quincy Howe, George Sokolsky, Pierre van Paassen, Helen Kirkpatrick, Count Jerzy Potocki, M. W. Fodor, Pertinax, Mme. Geneviève Tabouis, Prince Saghaphi, Paul Phelps Morand, Prince and Princess Paul Sapieha, Louis Fischer, Jay Allen, Hugh R. Wilson, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, and Sigrid Undset. The abdication of King Carol of Rumania gave Mr. Leigh an interesting idea, but he has not yet been able to make a definite announcement. However, to organizations with fifteen hundred dollars to spend, Leigh offers an attraction which outshines even the not impossible King Carol—Eleanor Roosevelt.

W. COLSTON LEIGH is the antithesis of the picture called up by his mellifluous name and his occupation. He is a burly, thickset man of thirty-nine, with beady brown eyes, grizzled hair, and a broken nose. His manner is calculated to inspire respect and obedience in his employees and minor lecturers and to win the confidence of his clients. His mind is a compendious index of the whole country's lecture routes, railroad schedules, sectional prejudices, and entertainment budgets. On the wall of his private office hangs a map of the United States, on a scale of forty-five miles to the inch, in which colored pushpins indicate the amount of gross business booked by the bureau in various towns during the current season—red indicating $100, green $250, and so on, up to a regal purple pin standing for $5,000 or more. He has a pure, impractical love of office organization, and freely admits that his large, smoothly functioning staff cuts deeply into his profits. His business is seasonal, but he just can't bring himself to lay off so much as a single stenographer during the slack months.

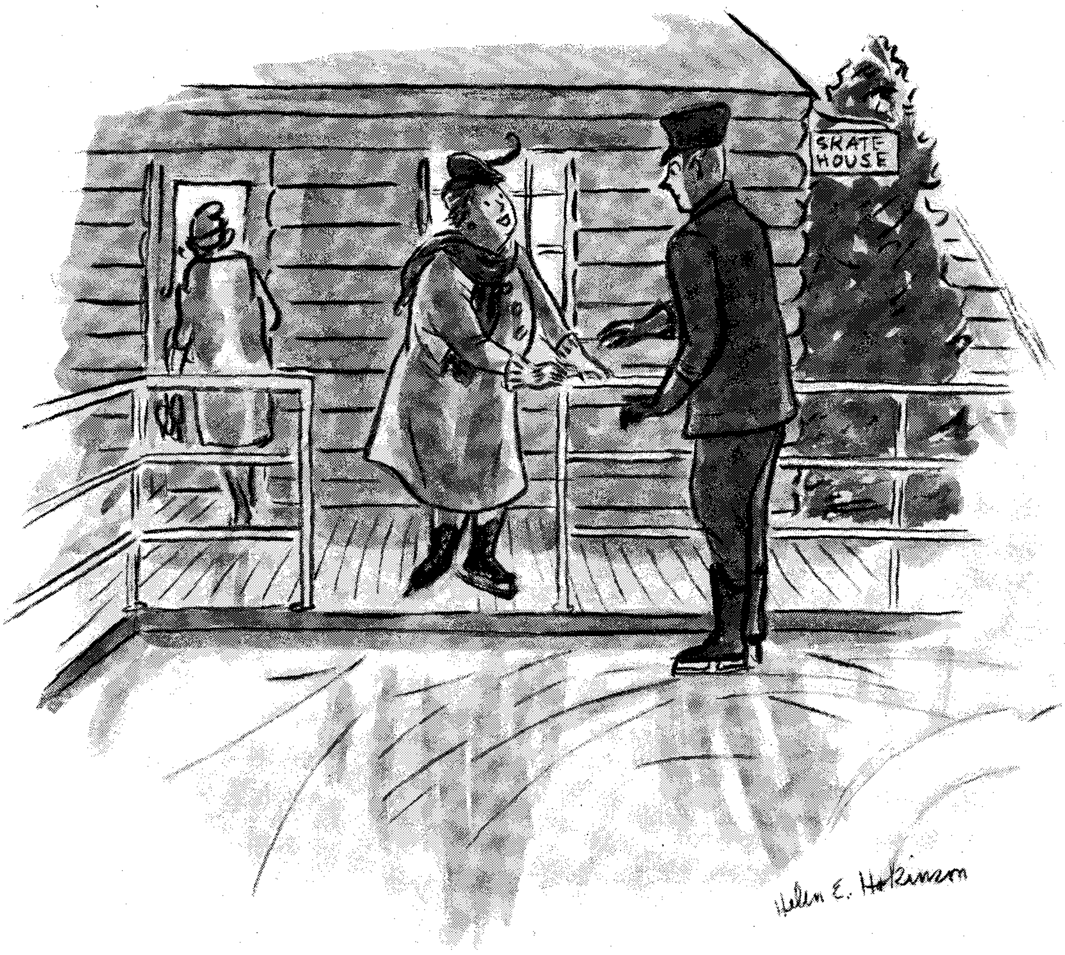


W. Colston Leigh

The fact that Leigh is a bachelor, with a bachelor's complete indifference to all femininity except the pretty girl he is squiring at the moment, is a distinct asset. When, as frequently happens, some restless matron approaches him with a plan for taking to the lecture platform—"Without my specs, and wearing an evening gown, Mr. Leigh, you wouldn't know me"—he concludes the interview with surgical mercilessness. "My dear lady," he says, "why do you think I'm in this business? To make money, that's why." Nor is it any use for a lady lecturer, however attractive, to attempt to trade on her sex. "You know," he says, "the women—even the good-looking ones—don't have an ounce of appeal for me. Not an ounce."

Leigh acquired at a very early age an easy contempt for the artistic temperament and way of life. His father is William Robinson Leigh, a seventy-four-year-old painter who has won considerable acclaim for his Western landscapes and studies of Navajo life. In 1901, when Leigh was born, his parents were living in New York, and making heavy weather of it. One of Leigh's earliest recollections is his habit of emptying his father's pockets and counting his money. "You have a dollar and twenty cents, Dad," he would say, for instance, pointedly.

After a few years of this rather uncertain life, Leigh's mother divorced his father, and the child was sent to Ports-



"I warn you, my right foot is a rebel."

mouth, Virginia, to live with his paternal grandmother. Here he attended the public schools, played sandlot baseball, and enjoyed a childhood unsullied by art in any form. When he was sixteen, he left school and got a job at the Seaboard Air Line "scrap dock"—a junk yard at which outmoded railroad equipment was broken up for scrap metal. Leigh was set to work sorting nuts and bolts, at a wage of seventeen cents an hour. Dissatisfied with his earnings, he asked the management to permit him to do piecework. They rashly agreed to a rate of twenty cents for a hundred pounds of properly sorted nuts and bolts. Leigh provided himself with a couple of homemade sieves and sorted four thousand pounds a day until the management, alarmed by the threat of mass production, reinstated the hourly wage. Leigh resigned and went back to school.

Shortly after this, his grandmother died, and he returned to New York to live with his father. When his father asked what sort of work he would like to do, he said—remembering the scrap dock—that he didn't care what it was so long as he could keep his hands clean. Accordingly, his father got him a job with the Molloy Galleries, which dealt in reproductions of his paintings. Young Leigh made a brief and utterly unsuccessful house-to-house tour of the West Side, soliciting orders for the reproductions. This fiasco deepened an already firm mistrust of the artistic way of life, and also taught him the valuable lesson that commodities must be suited to their markets. In choosing his next job, Leigh tried to get as far as possible from art. He worked for a year in the inspection department of the New York Telephone Company.

It was an Indian woman named Princess Chinquilla, who modelled for the elder Leigh and lectured occasionally about Indian life, who got W. Colston into the lecture business. He had lost his job with the Telephone Company and was open to any honorable suggestion. The Princess suggested that he see Franz J. Emmerich, her lecture agent. Leigh went, and wound up by going to work in the spring of 1923 as a file clerk and stenographer in the office of the Emmerich Lecture Bureau. Something must have told him that he had at last fitted into his proper niche; at least, it is a matter of record that he was fired within ten months because his habit of staying after hours to pore over the correspondence made the office manager uneasy.

Leigh found another secretarial job to pay for room and board, and, from his hall bedroom in a West Side boarding house, sent out announcements of the Leigh Lecture Bureau. He searched through the pages of publishers' catalogues and the *Saturday Review of Literature* for talent. After a fruitless year, Leigh landed his first lecturer—Dr. Paul Kammerer, of Vienna, an associate of Dr. Eugen Steinach, of monkey-gland fame. Dr. Kammerer came to Leigh through another agency, so Leigh had to split the commission and agree further to pay for the publicity out of his share. He persuaded Boni & Liveright, Kammerer's American publishers, to provide circulars in return for an advertisement in the circulars of a book by Kammerer, and laid out twelve dollars of his own money in letterheads and postage. That season he booked Kammerer for fees ranging from ten to two hundred dollars, and pocketed a thousand dollars in commissions. The fall of 1925 found him with a small but respectable list, including Edgar Lee Masters and Louis Untermeyer. His office was in the rear of a midtown store belonging to an antique-dealer named Julius Seng, Leigh's uncle. Leigh was a partner in this venture. "We sold antiques in front, lecturers in back," Leigh now says.

In January of 1926, something occurred which would have settled forever the doubts of anyone who might have thought that God was not personally attending to the fortunes of the Leigh Lecture Bureau. Leigh had managed to sign up Rupert Hughes, his biggest celebrity to date, and furthermore had booked him into Town Hall in New York. "Debunking," the literary practice of pointing out that the heroes of history were only human, was then in its heyday, and Rupert Hughes had staked out the private life of George Washington for his claim. In his Town

Hall lecture, he told about how on one occasion Washington danced three hours with the wife of one of his generals, and added that unquestionably George had been something of a rake. At this point an old lady in the audience stood up and interrupted Mr. Hughes. "Well, why not?" she cried. "Wasn't Washington the Father of his Country?" With those words, which were reprinted by newspapers all over the country, Mr. Hughes became famous as a lecturer, and W. Colston Leigh was made.

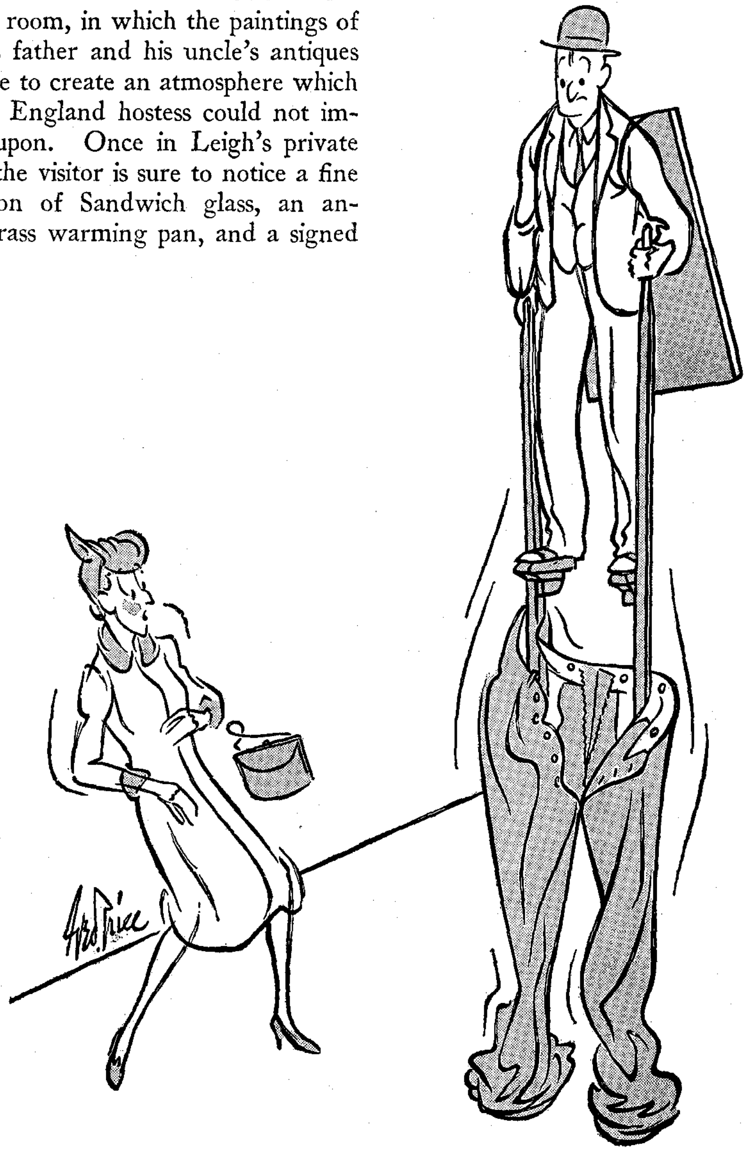
Emmerich invited Leigh back into the fold, offering a contract as sales manager in return for Leigh's lecturers and the use of his name. Leigh accepted, and the association lasted for three years. In 1929, Leigh started out on his own again, leaving Emmerich legally in possession of the name Leigh Lecture Bureau but taking Emmerich's star saleswoman and several of his best-paying lecturers. Leigh decided to call his firm W. Colston Leigh, Inc. In his first three years he built the business up to an annual gross of $90,000 in commissions. In 1932, he celebrated his new prosperity by moving into a suite on the thirty-seventh floor of 521 Fifth Avenue, a panelled lair with a fireplace, balconies, and fancy woodwork which had been installed for a previous occupant, Sam Rosoff.

LEIGH's lecturers are sold to his customers by a staff of one man and eighteen salesladies, who work on salaries and operate from either the New York office or one of the branch offices that Leigh maintains in Oakland, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, and Springfield, Massachusetts. Every year, just before the Christmas holidays, they attend a week's convention in New York, to discuss the lineup of lecturers for the following season. Each speaker under contract is discussed with robust candor; unless the sales staff is confident of being able to sign him up for a profitable number of lectures during the next season, his name is dropped from the catalogue. Since most contracts between the bureau and the lecturer are signed eight months in advance, and a speaker's value may change overnight, this is a tricky and important decision. Prospective or newly signed lecturers are invited to drop in and give the sales force a sample of their wares. Last winter, for example, Frederic Sondern, Jr., the foreign-news editor of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, told the salespeople a few fast ones about Mussolini's love life and stirred his listeners to a white heat of enthusiasm. "Sondern was just a name to them before, but now they *know* he has what it takes," Leigh explains.

Also on the sales convention's agenda is the problem of nominating new lecturers. The sales force proposes the names of celebrities whom they consider promising material, and Leigh sounds them out. Included in the 1940-41 list of suggestions were Dorothy Draper, Emil Lengyel, Countess Waldeck, and C. S. Forester, who are now under contract to Leigh; Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, George Gallup, and Joseph C. Lincoln, all of whom rebuffed Leigh; Elizabeth Knaust, author of an article in *Redbook* entitled "I Worked for Goebbels," who refused because she was afraid the Nazis would get her; and Norman Bel Geddes, who wanted too much money.

Leigh's office suite is decorated with a view to putting a literary man into a mood of trustful repose. Gentle-voiced young women welcome him in the reception room, in which the paintings of Leigh's father and his uncle's antiques combine to create an atmosphere which a New England hostess could not improve upon. Once in Leigh's private office, the visitor is sure to notice a fine collection of Sandwich glass, an antique brass warming pan, and a signed photograph of Eleanor Roosevelt in a chaste silver frame. Leigh likes touches of *Gemütlichkeit*. He always uses first names in the office. "Gertrude, tell Madelon to bring me a contract," he will say.

The usual form of contract with Leigh is fairly simple. In it the lecturer agrees to talk wherever Leigh sends him, sometimes within certain limits of time and territory; guarantees that he is able to speak in public on his chosen topic for not less than an hour, referring to notes if necessary but not reading from a manuscript; affirms that he knows of no physical disability which would prevent his fulfilling his end of the contract; and in the majority of cases assigns to Leigh fifty per cent of his fees, out of which Leigh is to pay all travelling expenses. This is merely the skeleton; each contract has its individual aspects. Mrs. Roosevelt, for example, has to budget her time, and gives Leigh only four weeks, two in the spring and two in the fall. However, within the



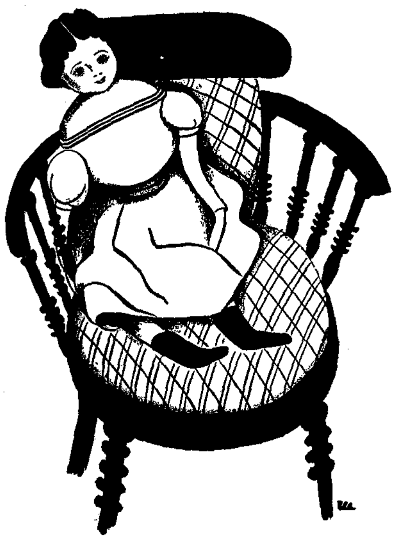
stated periods, he can book her for as many lectures as it is physically possible for her to deliver. In the case of Alvarez del Vayo, the Spanish diplomat, he and Leigh made a gentlemen's agreement that del Vayo was to take lessons in English diction. Although Leigh doesn't like to do it, he sometimes writes a minimum guarantee into the contract of a foreign celebrity who has come over here especially for a lecture tour. When Leigh has doubts about a new lecturer, the contract carries a clause permitting cancellation if business is poor.

Clause 5 in Leigh's standard contract is a safeguard against the bugaboo of all lecture-tour bookers, the foreign lecturer who turns out to be completely incoherent. "The lecturer represents," it reads, "that he is able and qualified as a lecturer to fill such engagements as the Bureau may arrange. It is specifically understood and agreed that this representation is of the essence of this contract." Leigh assumes that a statesman or an educator must have a passable platform manner, and does not investigate before signing one. All other new lecturers are checked up on. According to Leigh, he has run into serious trouble only once. That was when he imported, before the days of Clause 5, the English novelist, Robert Briffault, the author of the gloomy novels "Europa" and "Europa in Limbo." Two American publishers whom Leigh had until then regarded as his friends had answered for Briffault's coherence. The author, however, proved to be the possessor of an English accent which was baffling to the first five American audiences who heard him. The audiences blamed Briffault, and Briffault blamed the audiences. Leigh finally paid him his full season's guarantee of $3,500 and let him go home, presumably to write a gloomy novel about the United States.

Once a lecturer is signed up, the publicity department, headed by a brisk young lady named Selma Warlick, prepares the publicity material. Untried and relatively unknown lecturers must pay for their own printed publicity—an item which, reckoning in posters and leaflets describing the lecturer's eminent desirability, may come to anywhere between fifty and three hundred dollars a season. Of course, the greater the celebrity, the less the need of publicity; Mrs. Roosevelt's leaflet is as demure and formal as a wedding announcement.

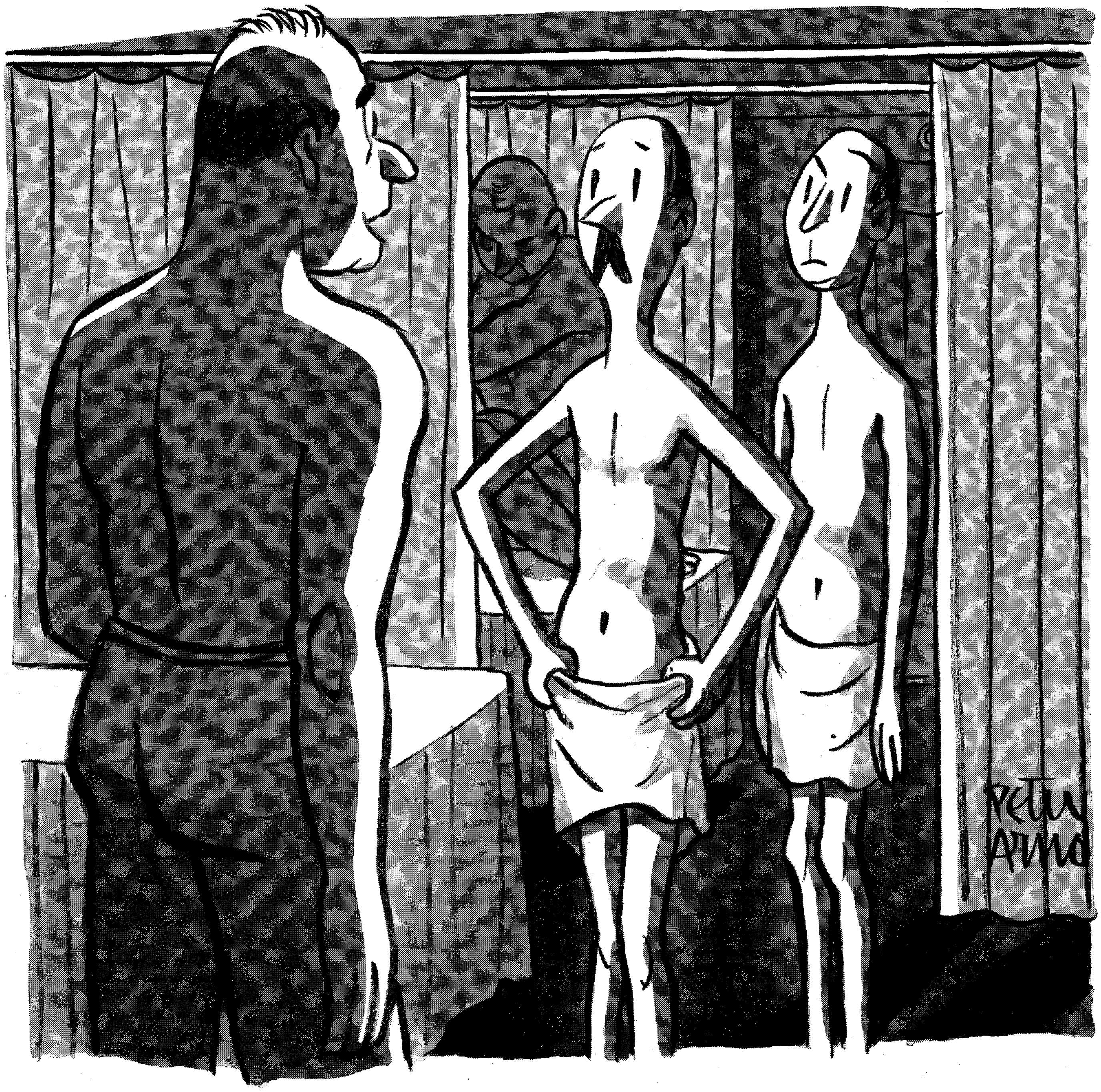
The women's-club trade accounts for half of Leigh's business, and he estimates that, all told, seventy-five per cent of the people his lecturers address are women. The "slant" of the publicity material shows that he has pondered this fact. The photographs used in the descriptive folders are always the most glamorous obtainable—with the result, occasionally, that certain ladies' clubs have mildly complained that So-and-So "didn't live up to his pictures." Leigh's publicity department recognizes only two kinds of male lecturer—handsome, virile young men, and suave men of the world, who may also be handsome and virile. Of Earl Schenck, a South Seas explorer of a Byronic cast of countenance, his leaflet says, "Though his tall stalwart figure suggests the tremendous reserves of physical strength and vitality of the jungle explorer, there is still much of the seasoned actor in his deep, resonant voice." In Class II are Will Durant, "distinguished in appearance and genial in manner;" Frederic Sondern, Jr., "scion of a prominent New York shipping family, blond and twenty-eight;" Vincent Sheean, "one of our most glamorous journalists;" and "tall, wiry, magnetic Cecil Scott Forester." Among Leigh's women lecturers—he has thirty-four of them at present—the same standards prevail. One lady, a young Chinese authoress named Gin-Chiu Kuo, he fondly calls "the girl with the sexy profile." The Harvard Club of Boston just snapped *her* up.

Leigh is not infallible in his estimate of a lecturer's charms. He was, for example, very much taken with George Slocombe, a British expert on foreign affairs, because Mr. Slocombe had a flourishing red beard. He thought the beard would go over in a big way, but it didn't; the ladies balked at it, somehow. If a lecturer is a bachelor, Leigh likes to have a casual mention of this worked into the descriptive leaflet. Occasionally this leads to trouble. George Dangerfield, a literary young man of more than ordinary appeal, fiercely resented being described as a gay young bachelor who lived alone in a New York penthouse. He came into the Leigh office to say so. "You've got to lay off this penthouse angle," he said, heatedly. "Just lay off it, that's all."



WHEN the folders have been sent out, Leigh's sales staff goes to work. Leigh's ideal saleswoman is one of whom club ladies will say, "What a sweet, lovely girl!" Ninety-five per cent of Leigh's bookings are arranged through personal contacts by his staff, and these contacts must be carefully maintained. One reason is that if a program chairman knows a Leigh saleswoman, and trusts her, she is not so likely to balk at taking on a strange lecturer. Another reason is that administrative committees succeed one another pretty rapidly in American club life, and an incoming program chairman is sometimes inclined to change lecture bureaus just to show how thoroughly she disapproves of her predecessor's policies. Leigh tries to match the personality of his agents to their territories. The rich Westchester district is handled by Miss Madeleine Tuohy, a highly refined young lady who travels with her mother. Mrs. Clara Streeter, past president of the Hampton County Woman's Club, of Springfield, Massachusetts, is well equipped to meet the New England clubwoman on her own ground. "I was hard as flint," she told Leigh, describing a recent deal.

Fifty per cent may seem like a big commission, considering that high-powered theatrical agents like Leland Hayward and Myron Selznick usually take only five or ten per cent, but Leigh seems to earn it. In the first place, he pays the travelling expenses of the lecturers. Also, he maintains a stable of low-priced lecturers on whom he makes little or no profit, much as a department store puts forward "loss leaders" to get housewives inside the doors. Leigh will provide a perfectly acceptable speaker for twenty-five dollars. He has no fixed prices. A lecturer living in New York might speak for two hundred and fifty in Westchester but command five hundred in San Francisco. Or again, Leigh might shade the price of a lecturer on tour if a club is willing to accept a convenient open date. Thus, by juggling his prices, taking a loss on one speaker in return for a profitable booking, and by "close booking"—i.e., spacing a lec-



"If you gentlemen are in a hurry, I can handle you both at once."

• •

turer's engagements so that there are no long and wasteful trips between lectures —he is able to keep all his speakers busy and assure himself a modest profit. The system satisfies the bargaining instinct of the club ladies, too, so everybody is happy.

Major James B. Pond, a lecture impresario of our grandfathers' day, tells, in his book "Eccentricities of Genius," about a business chat he had with Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist, who toured under his management: "Mr. Phillips came into our office in Boston to get his list of appointments. I said, 'Mr. Phillips, we have an open date. Springfield wants it and offers two hundred and fifty dollars for it. Natick wants it, but they can pay only seventy-five dollars.' 'Natick offers more in proportion to its number of inhabitants than Springfield. Let Natick have it,' he said."

This shows how far lecture management has progressed under Leigh. In the first place, he would not dream of consulting a lecturer about his bookings; in the second place, he would have managed somehow to book Phillips at Natick *and* Springfield, and probably at better prices. "If you can take Phillips in the afternoon instead of at night, I can get you Bertita Harding for your next Author's Tea," he might have said to Natick, and to Springfield, "Phillips gets three hundred, but if you take him, I'll get you Bertha Damon to talk to your Garden Club for fifty."

Occasionally Leigh will disarm a client by saying, "You can have So-and-So for such-and-such a sum, but, between you and me, he stinks." He takes a special delight in booking a lecturer this way. He handles complaints summarily. A program chairman once wrote Leigh that a saleswoman of his had tried to get her to take a man she had tried some years before, when he was working for another bureau. "I don't think we want Mr. —— again, because he turned out to be a prima donna," she wrote. "He asked to have pineapple juice on the speaker's stand." Leigh wrote back, "I assure you that under my management —— will not ask for pineapple juice."

LATE in November of 1939, H. R. Knickerbocker, who had been writing about the war for International News Service, rushed from the Maginot Line to Paris, flew to Lisbon, thence to Newark Airport; from there, without even pausing to change his clothes, he went by taxicab to Tarrytown, where he spoke before the Hudson River Junior League. The following night he addressed the Women's Club of New Britain, and thereafter lectured daily until December 17th, a day which he spent travelling between Dallas and Memphis. From Memphis he talked his way down to New Orleans, then to Wichita Falls, Houston, and San Antonio. After a holiday layoff, he began again on January 4th, speaking before Cultural Arts, Inc., of Mercedes, Texas. From there he worked back to New York, lecturing all the way. Arriving in New York early in March, he rested for four days and then addressed the Union Club. After that came a heavily booked week in the Midwest, followed by a fortnight on the West Coast. Then he worked back to New York again, by way of Salt Lake City and Kansas City. On April 30th, he spoke before the employees of a New York brewery, and the next day took off for a well-deserved rest in war-torn Europe. He had filled ninety engagements in a little over five months—a striking tribute both to his physical stamina and Leigh's genius for organization. No free lance could have booked a quarter that number of lectures in so brief a time; the mere problem of figuring out the train and plane connections would have given him a nervous breakdown.

Leigh doesn't particularly care what his lecturers say ("Talk about anything you want to," he once told Pierre van Paassen. "*I* don't care."), but he takes every precaution in seeing to it that they arrive in good condition, exactly as promised. At the start of a tour, the lecturer is given a typed itinerary that leaves nothing to his own initiative.

Sing these
Barlow

"I tell you what—we'll pretend Chopin is up at bat and you're trying to strike him out."

Here, for example, is the start of Eve Curie's routing:

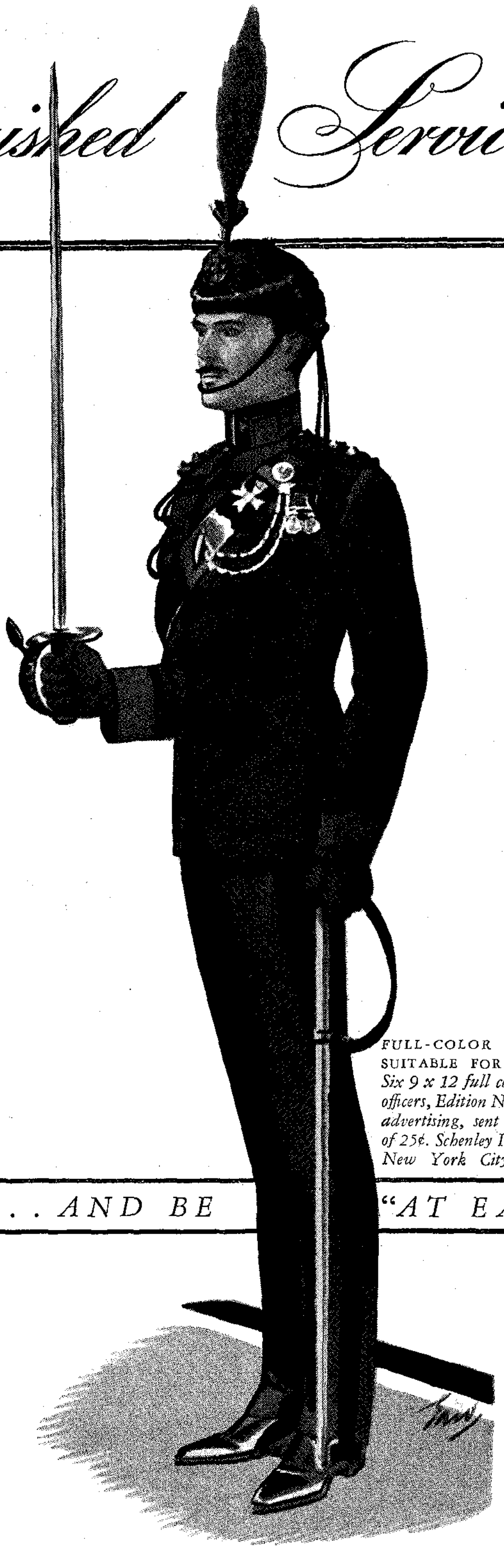
LEAVE NEW YORK CITY
Date: Sunday, February 4, 1940
Time: 6:05 P.M.
Train: New York Central #17
Station: Grand Central Terminal
Reservation: Drawing Room —. Car —. Ticket No. —. Rail —.
Reservation, Maid: Lower —. Car—. Ticket No.—. Rail —.
ARRIVE IN KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
Date: Monday, February 5
Time: 10:38 A.M.
Hotel: Burdick
LECTURE ENGAGEMENT IN KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
Date: Monday, February 5th, AND Tuesday, February 6th
Time: 8:00 P.M.
Auspices: Kalamazoo Teachers' Lyceum
Auditorium: Central High School
LEAVE KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN
Date: Wednesday, February 7th
Time: 10:41 A.M.

And so on. Routing is handled by a nervous, wispy Englishman named Mr. Oliver, a former Thomas Cook's man.

Whenever a contract for a lecturer is signed, Leigh's office sends the program chairlady a polite query. "What social function do you wish the lecturer to attend?" it asks. "Please state type of dress desired." Generally, Leigh's social secretary, Miss Marjorie Smith, is squeezed between the wishes of the welcoming committee and the wishes of the lecturer. The committeewomen want to entertain him every minute of the time he's in town, and he, generally, simply wishes, after the lecture, to lie down in his hotel room with a cold cloth on his forehead. The usual compromise, as arranged by Miss Smith, is that the lecturer agrees to a press conference and one reception or dinner. Lecturers particularly dread being fed caterer's food before they are to speak. All pre-lecture dinners are bad, though not always as bad for the lecturer as the legendary one in Detroit at which a lecturing celebrity was plied with cocktails, three kinds of wine, and a liqueur. He sparkled all through dinner, and, indeed, showed a certain reluctance to leave the table for the auditorium. They got him there, however, and the chairman made the customary flowery introduction. There was a hearty round of applause, after which the celebrity rose, bowed, and left the stage. They caught him just as he was leaving by the stage door. "The lecture?" he said, in answer to remonstrations. "Why, didn't you hear them? They *loved* me!"

FOR the past twelve years, Leigh has been too busy developing and cashing in on other people's personalities to

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF

The King's Royal Rifle Corps

From the capture of Louisburg in our own French and Indian War to its success at Sambet in 1918, the Standard of the King's Royal Rifle Corps has, in one-hundred and sixty years, been decorated with Fifty-six Battle Honours for Distinguished Service.

HONOURS OF

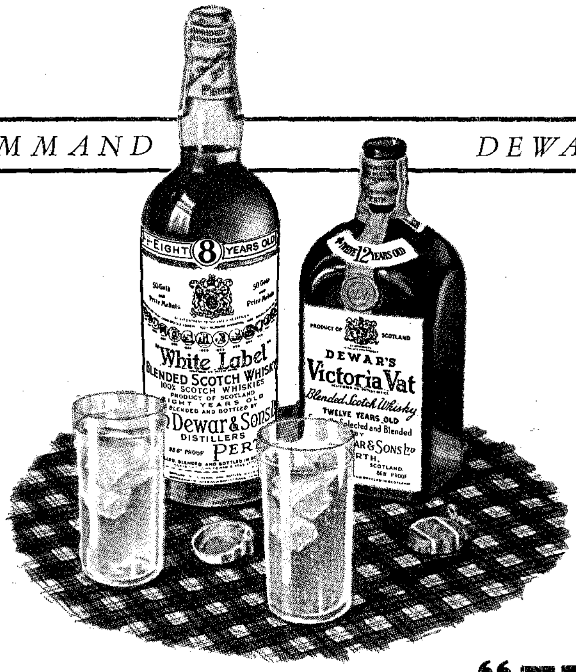
Dewar's "White Label"

Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

Whether you're advancing on a bar . . . or barracked quietly at home . . . the order of the day, and night, is DEWAR'S *White Label*, medal Scotch of the world. For this veteran campaigner wears more than 60 citations for distinguished service. When next your tactics call for Scotch, command the highball of the highlands . . . DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda. Gentlemen! At ease!

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING *Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 3, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. N.*

COMMAND DEWAR'S . . . AND BE "AT EASE"


EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Dewar & Sons
PERTH
12 YEARS OLD
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD

White Label 8 *years old*

Victoria Vat 12 *years old*

also known as Ne Plus Ultra

Dewar's "White Label"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

A Schenley IMPORT Both 86.8 Proof · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY Copr. 1940, Schenley Import Corp., New York

S'no Foolin'!
1941

They're saying the new Oldsmobile's "The car that has everything modern!"—and you see a major reason for that in the new Body by Fisher on the Oldsmobile Dynamic Cruiser De Luxe. It has a new modified plain back with large luggage compartment; foam rubber seat padding; wider door openings; the body is actually 6" wider at the center. And remember:

Only the New 1941 Body by Fisher Has All These Features: **New "Flair-flow" streamlining with slanted windshield; double-curved back window. Doors hinged at front for greater safety. Crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation. Planned Vision with Safety *Plate* Glass all around.**

YOU can't fool winter sports fans about all-weather comfort. In fact, that's something no car owner wants to leave to chance. And that's probably one good reason why seven motorists out of ten say they prefer a Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher. It gives such positive assurance of pleasant winter driving—thanks to crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation, the most modern insulation, and all those extra little luxuries that typify the talented touch of Fisher craftsmen. So no wonder they're saying, "Body by Fisher is '41's guide to better value"—which leads you, of course, to a General Motors car.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

UNISTEEL TURRET TOP

BODY BY Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

have had much time to spend developing his own. Sometimes he broods about this. "I go out with a cute little girl, and all she talks about is do I really know Admiral Byrd, or what does Vincent Sheean look like," he laments. "Why doesn't she want to hear about W. Colston Leigh?" In his youth, having determined to acquire a hobby, he took singing lessons, but dropped them abruptly, in the middle of an aria, when his teacher told him he would look magnificent in tights. "I realized she was thinking of my figure and not of my voice," he says, rather primly.

Last year, Leigh says, he drew only $14,800 from the bureau. "We used to make more money when I had only five assistants and did all my business by mail," he says, but not with regret. He gets the same pleasure out of his business that another man might get from a yacht or a string of race horses. He once said that if the prettiest girl in New York asked him to take her to dinner, he wouldn't go if he were needed at his office. Last spring, before a sinus operation, he drew up a will leaving his business to his employees.

Leigh lives in a penthouse at the Hotel Dryden on East Thirty-ninth Street, with a Scottie and a colored maid of all work. In his spare time, he goes to see prizefights, hockey, or professional football. He has a really discriminating taste in antiques, and last summer, while vacationing in Maine, purchased fifty crates of them for his uncle, who still runs a shop. When Leigh might be hobnobbing with the great thinkers under contract to him, he is likely instead to be driving down to Atlantic City, to sit alone in the lobby of a big hotel. "I like to be in the middle of a lot of people and not have any of them know who I am," he says—an occupational psychosis, no doubt. A while ago he went into a Whelan's drugstore and laid in his supply of winter reading: twenty-five reprints of Fu Manchu, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and mystery stories. He selects many of his lecturers from book reviews, and regards the reading of an intellectual work with simple horror. "My God!" he says. "Imagine *me* reading a good book!" —B. A. HEGGIE and J. J. O'MALLEY

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the World-Telegram*]

LAYTON, Utah, Dec. 4.—Wayne Williamson, of Grand Junction, Colo., landed his plane in a field after it had run out of fuel but he had to remove the wings to take off again.

NOW..Bring the spell of Southern skies into your boudoir!

THIS WINTER you can enjoy all the fascinations and all the healthful benefits of a vacation in the tropics right in your own bedroom!

With a Hanovia Alpine Home Sun Lamp in the house you can blissfully bask a few minutes every day under its healthful beneficial rays. You can acquire a chic, flattering tan . . . rejuvenate your tired run-down body and leave it full of pep. Yes! You'll take on new glamour and vitality—be in tune with the latest dictates of fashion by being radiantly alive—once you get the Hanovia habit!

But remember, no other lamp can do this as effectively as a Hanovia Home Sun Lamp, for Hanovia is the only lamp that brings you all 12 effective bands of ultraviolet—substantially more healthful rays than any other make! That's why Hanovia lamps are famous all over the world.

This winter give yourself a vacation under homemade southern skies by spending a few minutes a day under the invigorating rays of a Hanovia Home Sun Lamp. Don't wait. See about your Hanovia *today*.

Write Dept. NY-1 for free booklet, "Your Place In The Sun."

HANOVIA'S 5 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

1. *Hanovia with its pure quartz tube is the lamp that produces all twelve effective bands of ultraviolet.*
2. *Scientific design, tested and proven for 35 years in world-wide markets.*
3. *Hanovia's famous quartz mercury arc tube assures superior performance; produces more beneficial ultraviolet.*
4. *Hanovia lamps have a LONGER EFFECTIVE LIFE.*
5. *Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamps are ECONOMICAL to operate.*

Prices from $59.50 F. O. B., Convenient budget terms if desired

See Hanovia Lamps at department, electric and medical stores and our showrooms,

HANOVIA ALPINE HOME SUN LAMP

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BOSTON—543 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA—1924 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO—77 East Lake St.
DETROIT—5013 Woodward Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO—455 Powell St.
CANADA—86 Bloor St. West, Toronto

The Theatre Guild *and* Gilbert Miller *present*
HELEN HAYES MAURICE EVANS
in William Shakespeare's comedy
TWELFTH NIGHT
ST. JAMES Thea. W. 44 St., Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

"Brisk comedy—excitement and suspense"—PM
Alfred de Liagre, Jr., presents
"Mr. and Mrs. North"
PEGGY CONKLIN ALBERT HACKETT
A New Comedy by Owen Davis
from the Stories by Frances & Richard Lockridge
BELASCO W. 44. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
"Old Acquaintance"
PEGGY WOOD
with KENT SMITH *Directed by* AURIOL LEE
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. CI 6-6230. Evgs. 8:40
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

Carly Wharton and Martin Gabel present
THE CREAM IN THE WELL
by LYNN RIGGS
with MARTHA SLEEPER • MARY MORRIS
LEIF ERICKSON • MYRON McCORMICK
BOOTH Theatre W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"The most absorbing American drama of the season"—*ATKINSON, N. Y. Times*
FLIGHT TO THE WEST
ELMER RICE'S Newest Play
with Betty Field, Arnold Moss
Paul Hernried—Hugh Marlowe
GUILD Thea., W. 52 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

ED WYNN
in HIS NEW MUSICAL
BOYS & GIRLS TOGETHER
THE DE MARCOS JANE PICKENS DAVE APOLLON
BROADHURST Thea., W. 44 St. CI 6-6699. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40—$1.10 to $2.75

MAX GORDON presents
MY SISTER EILEEN
A New Comedy by
JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OF ALL THINGS

MANY people believe that a time limit should be placed on the extraordinary powers asked for by the President. Perhaps such powers should be granted only for the duration of our non-interventionist, unneutral semi-belligerency.

•

There is little opposition to aiding Britain by methods short of war. What worries everybody is the question "How long can we stay short?"

•

When the Axis leaders get together, look out for trouble. The last time they met, Mussolini started breaking the back of Greece.

•

Mr. Knudsen testifies that we cannot produce much new stuff for England before late in the year. It takes a lot of time to beat plowshares into swords.

•

The Manhattan passengers who wanted to go to California were forcibly stopped by Florida. This rivalry is being carried a bit too far.

•

Mrs. Typical Customer, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, was a welcome visitor here last week. She spent more than her budget allowed, thus proving her right to the title.

•

We are told that R.A.F. bombers have raided Wilhelmshaven at least forty times. Now we may expect Hitler to assure us that there are lots of hospitals and orphans' homes in the town.

•

People in the Balkans complain that they cannot get delivery of foodstuffs because the Nazis are using the railroads for other purposes. The Führer might at least send them some belts to tighten.

•

Dr. McIntire brings us the good news that Mr. Roosevelt is in splendid health. In fact, the President has not felt so well for several terms.

•

Wendell Willkie's endorsement of the lend-lease bill has brought pain to many Republican hearts. They expected less Loyalty and more Opposition.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
by MOSS HART
Music by KURT WEILL *Lyrics by* IRA GERSHWIN *Production by* HASSARD SHORT
ALVIN Thea., 52 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"
A Comedy by
GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART
ERNEST TRUEX JEAN DIXON DUDLEY DIGGES
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
A Comedy by
MOSS HART and GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with MONTY WOOLLEY
MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—*ATKINSON, Times*
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

"TERRIFIC" *Whipple, World-Tel.* "BRILLIANT" *Watts, Her. Trib.*
GEORGE ABBOTT'S Musical Comedy Hit
PAL JOEY
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS and HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL—GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT—JUNE HAVOC
Barrymore Thea., W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Unmistakably a Hit" —*Life Magazine*
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON'S NEW
HELLZAPOPPIN
3rd YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

AL JOLSON
in his New Musical
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS
MARTHA RAYE JACK WHITING BERT GORDON
SHUBERT THEA. W. 44th ST. CI. 6-5990. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE ALLIANCE presents
Meet the People
Musical Revue
MANSFIELD Thea., W. 47th St. CI. 5-5357
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 34

THE THEATRE

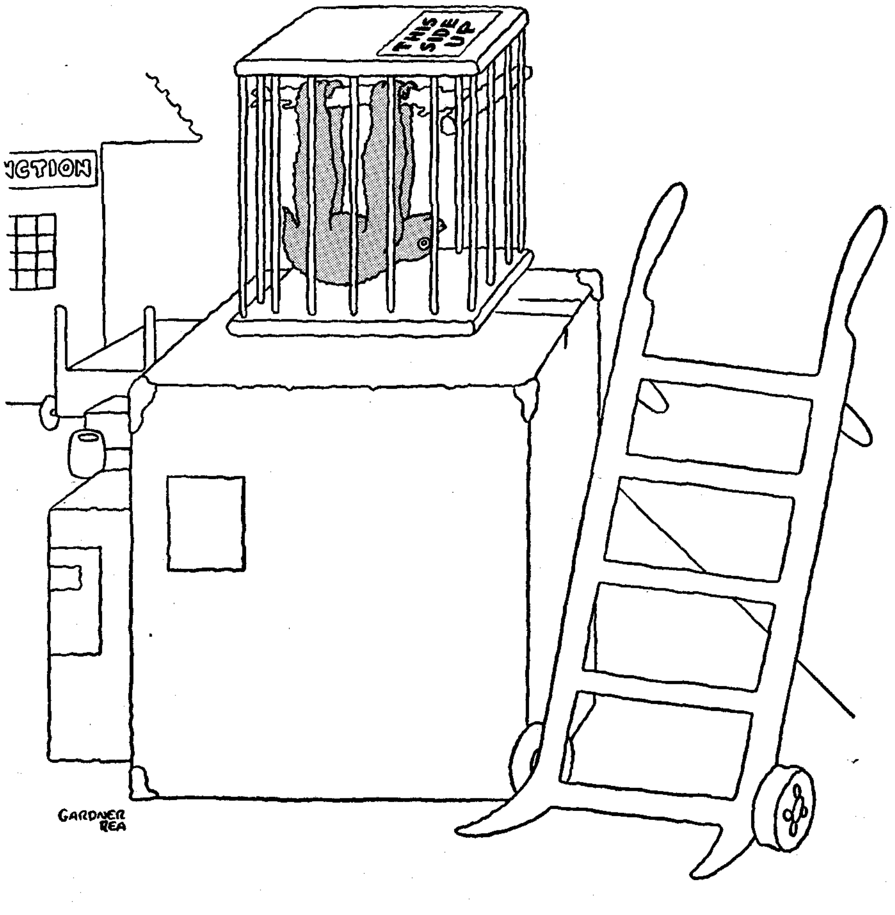
MORE MURDER

Mrs. Gerald North, whom you may have met in this magazine from time to time, is probably the ideal heroine for a mystery story, since, like most great detectives, she has a mind which operates on a system of logic all its own and she hasn't much patience with routine. Without her assistance, it is very doubtful if Lieutenant Weigand of the Homicide Squad would ever have grasped the significance of the cat that walked on the window sill, or the card in the mailbox, or, above all, the mysterious matter of the Spanish lobster. She is a remarkable woman and it seems too bad they couldn't have used her on the Elwell case. She would have cleared it up in ten minutes. "Mr. and Mrs. North" (which, belatedly, is the name of the play that Owen Davis has whipped up from a book by Frances and Richard Lockridge) is equipped with only two corpses—a guest who tumbles out of the liquor closet and a postman who gets his lumps in the kitchen—but it is a pretty satisfactory piece of work just the same. I left the Belasco with a dim feeling that a Sam Leibowitz could have got the case against the murderer tossed out of practically any court in New York, the evidence being rather circumstantial for the strictly legal mind, but I guess this is captious and should be ignored.

The Norths, it appears, live in Greenwich Village, where, thanks to Mrs. North's habit of shedding door keys like confetti, they seem to be fatally accessible to anybody who walks in from the street. With the exception of a Fuller Brush man and the members of the Police Department, moreover, their guests are all people who have been seriously inconvenienced by the dead man in the closet, a dog in more ways than one, who was undoubtedly lucky to survive beyond his second year in high school. The question of who slugged this repulsive item, in fact, is so open to conjecture that suspicion even attaches itself to the Norths themselves, neither of whom, obviously, would deliberately annoy a mouse.

Pinned down to it, I would have to admit that the dilemma the Lockridges have contrived for their play isn't notably substantial or alarming. At one point a sinister hand does pull at the curtain, causing Mrs. North to give a small, ladylike squeal, but for the most part it is largely a matter of verbal reconstruction of the crimes, and this at times can get a little monotonous. This moderate lack of dramatic suspense and activity, however, is largely offset by the fact that the Lockridges have accomplished something almost unknown in the special field of the whodunit. Unlike almost any other such specimens I can remember, the characters supposed to be witty in their play actually are witty and can, in addition, reasonably be identified with the kind of people you might run into at any cocktail party of a literary nature. Mrs. North, in particular, is the perfect refutation of the theory that the heroine of a melodrama is just a pretty girl who knows how to scream.

Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett, as the proprietors of this downtown abattoir, play their parts with just the right mixture of humor and desperation, and they are very nicely assisted by a cast including Philip Ober, Owen Davis, Jr., and Millard Mitchell. Jo Mielziner's set, while more fashionable than the one in "My Sister Eileen," still manages to convey a strong suggestion of the congestion and embarrassment of life in the Village.



"Crazy with the Heat," which is said to have cost somebody a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, successfully demonstrated that money isn't everything. Willie Howard, Luella Gear, and several other able men and women wrestled sturdily with some of the saddest material ever presented on Broadway, but it was no use, and they went away. I remember a song called "Twist of the Wrist" with something like pleasure, and a burlesque of "Life with Father" with definite horror. The rest is silence. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cleveland News*]

The News Stands For

The strongest national defense on earth.

Aid to the utmost for Great Britain.

Better administration at less cost by every public office.

Equalization of the national labor law.

Improved city transportation and more bus lines.

More recognition for Cleveland's cultural life.

An up-to-date metropolitan zoo.

HILDEGARDE

The Lovely International Chanteuse

After Theatre in Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

BOB GRANT

and his Orchestra

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre

SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday

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FIFTH AVENUE • 58th to 59th STREETS

The White Turkey

ON HISTORIC WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y. C.

Here in New York you may enjoy the same farm fresh foods, choice steaks and poultry for which our famous White Turkey Inn at Danbury, Conn., is noted.

We have endeavored to recapture, in this quiet section of the city, the same atmosphere of leisure and repose which has for decades brought people from near and far to the Inn.

For reservations phone AL. 4-3677

LUNCHEON — COCKTAILS — DINNER
BRUNCH & DINNER SUNDAYS

THE WHITE TURKEY
TOWN HOUSE
ONE UNIVERSITY PLACE, N. Y. C.
THE INN, at Danbury, RE-OPENS APRIL 1ST

"SWISS FONDUE" is not a nightmare

But it will cause one if not expertly prepared. We specialize in this and many other equally tasty Swiss dishes. Our prices are as pleasing as our food.

LA PETITE SUISSE, 6 West 52nd
Just off 5th Ave.

GOING SOUTH?

● *MAKE ANNAPOLIS AND THE NAVAL ACADEMY ONE OF YOUR STOPS* ●

You'll be delighted with Annapolis—its quaint Colonial streets and scenes, its well preserved historic shrines, the soul-stirring Naval Academy. Stay at Carvel Hall, Annapolis' largest and most modern hotel—famous for hospitality since 1763. Large cheery rooms, typical Maryland meals. Room rates begin at $2.00, with bath $3.00.

CARVEL HALL--ANNAPOLIS, MD.

BABYLON ON BISCAYNE BAY

Bright sun, gold sun,
On the cool palm tree
And the white, hot sand
By the pearl-green sea.

Gold sun on the streets,
On the strolling gay,
On the smart shop fronts
And their rich array;

On the waterways running
Sinuous miles
By gardened villas
On man-made isles.

Sun on coconut
And pine,
On oleander
And sweet jasmine,

Bougainvillaea,
Flame vine bright,
Hibiscus petals
Pink and white.

Sun on sailboat,
Speedboat, yacht;
Gold sun glistening
Clean and hot.

Oh, sun, sun, sun. . . .
In the sunless night
The stars hang low
And large and bright.

From bars and clubs
On every hand
Sound the laughing voice
And the swinging band,

Where sun-tanned women
And sunburned men
Drink and dance
And drink again,

Tire of chatting,
Stroll to cars,
Fall to kissing
Under the stars,

Drink and play
Until night is done.
Then out of the pale sea
Bursts the sun.

Sun on sportsmen
Trolling the deep,
Sun on revellers
Fast asleep.

Sun, bright sun,
Once more away
For another golden,
Careless day.

—JOHN J. KERRIGAN

CENTER THEATRE
ROCKEFELLER CENTER

AMERICA'S FIRST ICE THEATRE

"A PRODUCTION OF MODERN ENCHANTMENTS"—*ATKINSON, TIMES*

"IT HAPPENS ON ICE"

A MUSICAL
ICETRAVAGANZA
with 100 world-renowned skating stars
and **JOE COOK**

Evenings Including Sunday, $1.10 to $2.75. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, $1.10 to $2.20. No Monday Performance. Unreserved 75c seats on sale each performance when doors open.

IF IT'S A B. G. DE SYLVA MUSICAL
IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!

"A ROARING MUSICAL." *Atkinson, Times*

ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"A PERFECT MUSICAL." *Walter Winchell*
WILLIAM VERA VICTOR
GAXTON • ZORINA • MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"A MASTERPIECE"
—*Atkinson, Times*
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURES

Twice Daily 2:40-8:40 All Seats Reserved

WALT DISNEY'S
FANTASIA
with STOKOWSKI conducting
the miracle music of Fantasound
BROADWAY THEATRE • 53 St. & B'way • CI 6-5353

CAPITOL B'WAY and 51st St.

Second Week
Robert TAYLOR
IN
"FLIGHT COMMAND"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Theatre Tickets . . .

If you can't use your theatre tickets . . . . please send them to the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, which will distribute them to the blind of our city. They love a good show. Tickets can be sent up to four P. M. of the day of the performance. The telephone number is VOlunteer 5-2200, Extension 25.

The Woman's Executive Committee of The New York Association for the Blind, Mrs. George F. Baker, Chairman, Mrs. Dewees W. Dilworth, Co-Chairman.

PIRIE MACDONALD
Photographer-of-Men.
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HE CAN HAVE A GOOD PICTURE
If you know—
Where to send him!

VIEW FROM DEL MONTE LODGE, PEBBLE BEACH

The Monterey Peninsula, near San Francisco

Here the troubled world seems very far away

Have you ever wished for a Shangri-La—a remote and lovely place where you could escape, for awhile, from the troubled world?

We know of such a place.

It is the Monterey Peninsula, on the California coast three hours south of San Francisco.

Here in the gentle sunshine, by the dreamy curve of Monterey Bay, you soon forget to worry. For nothing seems important but the blue water, the snow-white sand and the fragrant pine and cypress forests that line the shore.

We cannot tell you why this place is so enchanting. One reason is, perhaps, that Monterey in early days was Spanish, capital of the Californias, and the peace of those pastoral days still lingers. You'll feel it everywhere... in old adobe buildings where California history began... in venerable Carmel Mission... in the gentle, carefree, whole-hearted way of life that the Spaniards handed down.

This winter come to the Monterey Peninsula. Enjoy the hospitality of far-famed Hotel Del Monte, fashionable and enchanting. Golf at Pebble Beach. Ride through forests and beside the ocean. See the Seventeen-Mile Drive... and Carmel, where the artists live.

Winter here is like spring. Soft rains are spaced by bright warm days and you can always play outdoors.

Three hours to the north the city of San Francisco calls you to adventure on its fourteen thrilling hills . . . to explore its fascinating Chinatown and Fishermen's Wharf... to ride its jolly cable cars... and share its stimulating life.

Sleeper planes and streamlined trains and fast highways bring San Francisco and Del Monte close to all America. Your Travel Agent will gladly give you all details. Or send the coupon below for our booklet: *The Chapter in Your Life entitled San Francisco.* We'll be glad to send you, too, a special booklet and a colored map of Del Monte and the Monterey Peninsula.

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Please send me your free vacation booklets and the colored map.

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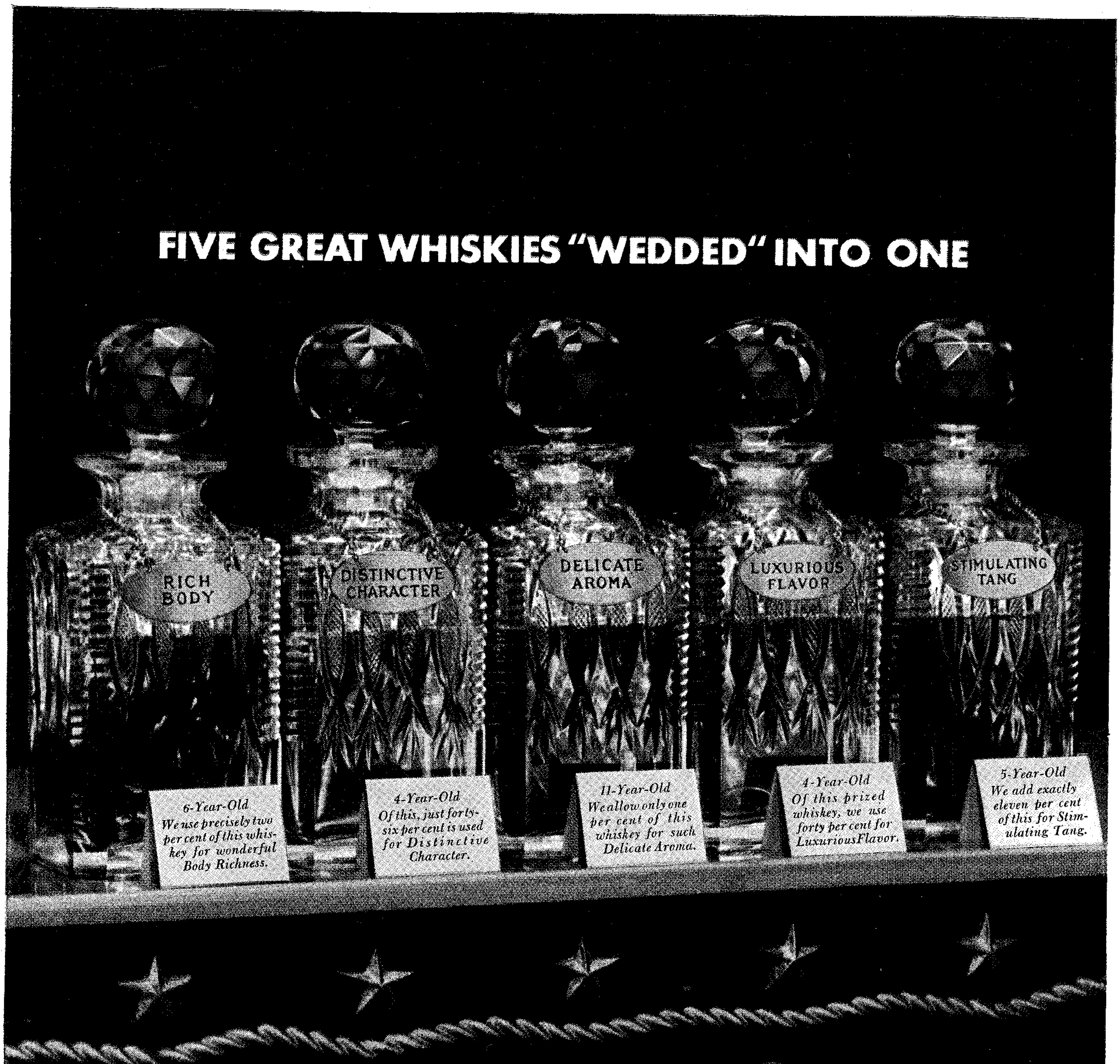
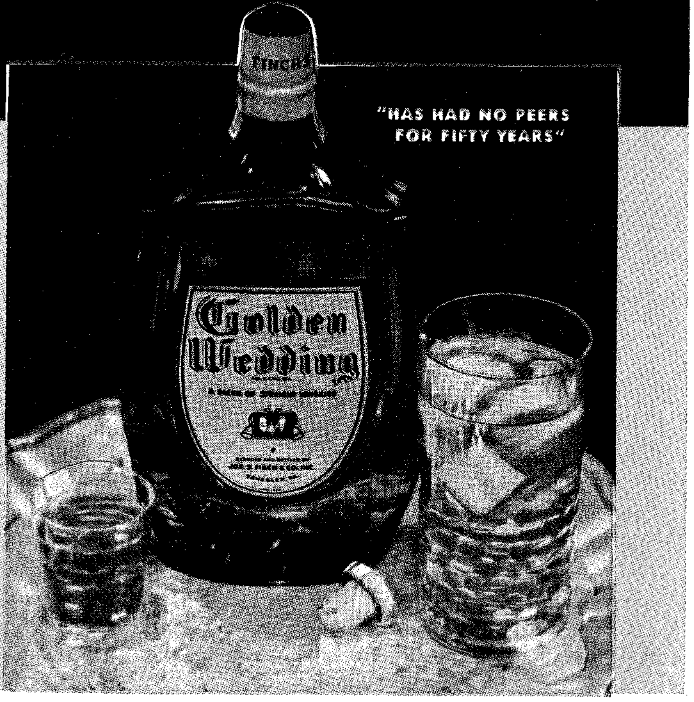

FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE
RICH BODY
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
DELICATE AROMA
LUXURIOUS FLAVOR
STIMULATING TANG
6-Year-Old We use precisely two per cent of this whiskey for wonderful Body Richness.
4-Year-Old Of this, just forty-six per cent is used for Distinctive Character.
11-Year-Old We allow only one per cent of this whiskey for such Delicate Aroma.
4-Year-Old Of this prized whiskey, we use forty per cent for Luxurious Flavor.
5-Year-Old We add exactly eleven per cent of this for Stimulating Tang.

Above, you see five distinctive whiskies, 4 or more years old—each selected for excellence in one of five highly desirable whiskey qualities. If you could taste *any one whiskey alone*, it would be delightful; but you'd miss the rich contribution of the other four. For that reason, *all five* of these superb whiskies have been "wedded" skillfully into *Golden Wedding*. It's ideal to drink—or serve!

★ ★ ★

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 Proof—Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding *are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old. Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pennsylvania.*


"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS"
FINCH'S
Golden Wedding

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A DAY IN TOWN

BEFORE I could leave with Mrs. Raven, who was going to drive me to the High Dashwood station, I had to chase our ginger cat, Pounce, and lock him into the pantry. This war has revealed cats as the pitiful things they are—intellectuals who cannot understand the written or spoken word. They suffer in air raids and the consequent migrations exactly as clever and sensitive people would suffer if they knew no history, had no previous warning of the nature of modern warfare, and could not be sure that those in whose houses they lived, on whose generosity they were dependent, were not responsible for their miseries. Had Pounce found himself alone in the house and free, he would probably have run out into the woods and not returned to the dangerous company of humans.

"Well, you've lost the eight forty-seven," said Mrs. Raven, looking at her watch and chuckling. All the world over, the most good-natured find enjoyment in those who miss trains or sit down on frozen pavements.

"Yes, we've lost the eight forty-seven," I said, with the proper answering chuckle, and we loaded in the basket of vegetables I was taking up to my sister. We set off through the shining morning, with the sky an innocent blue over the thin gold plating of the stubble fields. But for the nests of sandbags and barbed wire at the turns in the lanes, it could have been pretended that England had not a trouble in the world. The Georgian red brick of High Dashwood was glowing rosily in the sunshine, the very color of contentment. And luck was with us, for a London train was waiting in the station.

"What train is this?" I asked a porter, looking at my watch. It was twenty to ten.

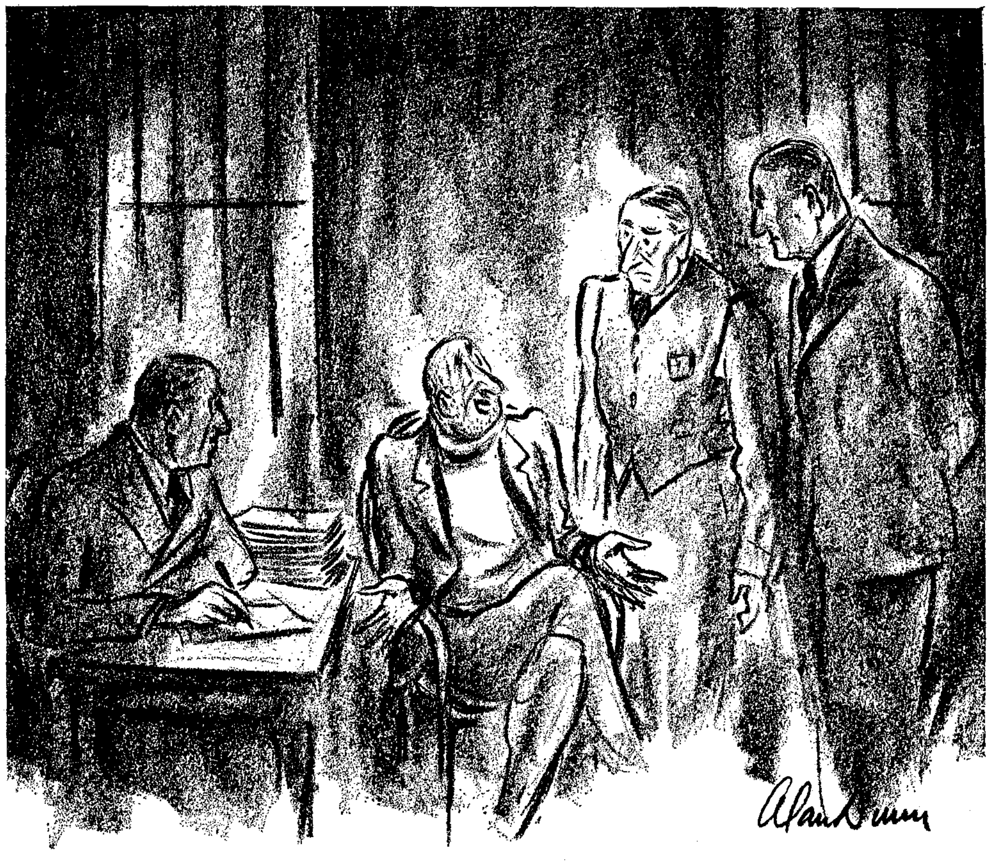
"The eight forty-seven," he answered.

There were two men in the compartment I took, London office workers who had come down to stay the night with relatives in High Dashwood because their homes were in the heavily bombed areas of south London and they had felt the need of a night's unbroken sleep. "One night in five I must have my rest," said the one, "so my old auntie looks for me Monday, and then Saturday again, and so on." "I can't get that many," said the other, "what with being in the Home Guard and all." They compared notes on the easiest way of getting from point to point in the City, avoiding the damaged tube stations and the roped-off areas. "Ah, but you hadn't thought of Porkpie Passage. Never even heard of it, I shouldn't wonder," the one said triumphantly, but broke off because, while the train was standing at a station, we heard the wail of an air-raid warning. "They're late this morning," he said, and shook his pipe at the window. "There's a pretty sight for you," he said. From an airdrome behind some houses, a squadron of fighters was rising in battle formation, as precisely aligned and synchronized as an ideal *corps de ballet.*

NOTHING worried these two very much, I gathered, except the delay in the mails, which, they said, showed faulty organization, not to be excused by the present circumstances. "Ought to be able to do better than that," one of them said, "considering things haven't been so bad, really." They were still grumbling about it when we reached our terminus, which was looking more cheerful than I had ever known it. This was because all the smoke-dimmed glass had gone and the sunshine was pouring in through the iron ribs. There were no taxis in the station, as it had been impossible to sweep up all the finer splinters of glass, so I carried the vegetable basket till I got clear of the building, and then set it down at a street corner and looked round for a taxi. The streets about seemed oddly empty. I assumed that there had been a bad raid the night before and that people were not yet about again.

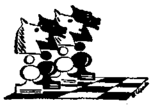
Across an otherwise trafficless patch of street, I saw a taxi, which had just deposited its fares at a house in a side street and was driving off. I ran to catch it, and while I was running the all-clear sounded. That is why I did not hear the shouts of a young policeman who was running after me and presently caught me by the arm. "You're running straight toward a time bomb," he said. "Can't you see that notice?" "No," I said, and then I mentioned a fact that had always before seemed to be not a disadvantage but, rather, a shield from unnecessary distractions. "I'm so short-sighted that I can't read notices," I said. "Get yourself some spectacles then," he said, and wiped his brow. "My God," he breathed, "you move fast for your age."

I carried the vegetables for another block, and found myself in a crowded street. Everyone wore the expression characteristic of people in a raided town. It



"But what is there to tell?"

is not unlike the look on the faces of pregnant women. It is as if they were drained of their strength by a condition against which there can be no rebellion and of which they are not ashamed. I found a taxi, which took me by roundabout ways to the square where my husband and I live. Down one of the streets I saw a house where I have often dined, its whole front laid open and its familiar wallpapers brightly lining its nothingness.



Before our apartment house the janitors stood pale and heavy-eyed. The one who took the basket out of the taxi said, "A bomb fell in the square gardens last night, but only on the soft earth. Nobody was hurt and the glass hasn't gone." The old man who took us up in the elevator said, "Did you know that John Lewis's has gone? It's gutted, gutted to the ground floor, and I nearly died of it. Just listen what happened to me. You know, me and my wife live at 8 Harley Street—we're caretakers there now all the doctors there have gone into the Army. Well, what would my wife do but every night put on her hat and go out to the shelter under John Lewis's. I often reasoned with her about it. 'What's the good of doing that?' I said. 'What's the good of going to a great store like that, which sticks its head up and asks to be bombed? Why not stay here, in a house that's just a house, among a thousand just the same as itself?' But she would have her way, and away she'd go every evening as soon as the sirens went. And last night she'd gone off as usual, and I was sitting in our basement snug as could be, and all of a sudden I heard one of those awful bombs, and I said, 'Sure as knife's knife, that's over by John Lewis's,' and I ran out into the street, and there I saw it blazing, and I hared along to the shelter, the way I haven't since I was a boy, and I said to the chap at the door of the shelter, 'Look here,' I said, 'look here, my wife's down there,' and he said, 'What if she is? They're all coming out now,' and, believe me or not, she was the very last to come out, and when she comes along, I said to her, 'Well, where's your new rug and your new cushion what I bought you for the shelter yesterday?,' and she said, 'Oh, I was so upset I couldn't think of anything like that,' and of course I couldn't be angry with her, being so glad she was all right, but of course we'll never see them again, though I've asked. But this morning, after breakfast, I said to her, 'Now you've got to go down to your sister at Chipping Norton as quick as we can put you on a train,' and I sent her off at half past eight, for there's some people that can't cope with emergencies, and though she's been as good a wife as I could wish, I don't feel she's been sensible, not over these air raids."

Inside my apartment, I looked at my shopping list with distaste. I had meant to buy some more blackout lampshades, some extra parts of a dinner service, and some electric-light fittings, all from John Lewis's, and I did not know where else I would get them. I would have to find somebody who could tell me which stores had been bombed and which hadn't. But first I had to hurry off to deliver the vegetables at my sister's apartment. She is a lawyer, and she lives in one of those old Inns, as they are still called, which are inhabited chiefly by lawyers. She lives on the top two floors of the tall Regency house where Charles Dickens once worked as an office boy. I carried the basket of vegetables up the four flights, and the door was opened by the Austrian Jewish refugee, a friend of my sister's, who does the housework, a colored handkerchief about her head, a broom in her hand. She was a doctor of philology and had been a happy and patient scholar in the field of medieval poetry. Now the opportunity to handle a broom represented an unhoped-for run of good luck. She murmured, "*Ach, die gute Gemüse!* We are so glad of them, for it is so hard to do shopping now. Whenever I take the basket and go out, the warning goes and all the shops shut, and when the all-clear goes I am sure to be making jam or seeing one of the refugees from your sister's committee."

AT that moment, the warning went, and I fled. All over London, when sirens go, people spring apart. If the warning finds one too far from home, one may be forced to take refuge in a public shelter and waste precious hours, and when the all-clear sounds, one runs out to take advantage of the fact that the shops and post offices are open. My taxi whirled me homeward through poorer quarters than I had yet seen that day, where the damage had an unchivalrous air. At a corner, a rag-and-bone shop and three stories of frowsty lodgings over it were still recognizable for what they had been, but were twisted like barley sugar. It seemed unnecessarily presumptuous of the Germans to spoil what had, in its essence, never been unspoiled. During the latter part of the journey, I made myself dizzy by swivelling round to look out of the back window to see, against the blue sky, the trails of exhaust fumes which marked a fight between a German and an English plane.

At home, the butler gave me a lunch of coffee, tinned tongue, and bread and jam, which I ate off a tray in the lounge, with machine guns tapping at each other somewhere overhead. I wondered how, with so much going on, I was to get up to Hampstead, where I was to have a conference with a friend who owns a paper of which I am one of the editors. But the telephone rang, and it was my friend. She had left Hampstead and gone to her house in the country for the excellent reason that there was a time bomb in her Hampstead garden. We settled a matter about book-reviewing. Then the all-clear sounded and I ran out to find lampshades otherwhere than John Lewis's, to change my books at the Times Book Club, and to buy a chest of drawers I had seen in a shop window and needed for the country house.

BACK in my apartment, I found my husband sitting in the lounge. He had three days' holiday before him and was to drive me back to the country. I thought he was looking rather pale, and I asked him if anything was the matter. He said, "Yes, it has all been very unfortunate. When I got to the Ministry this morning, I found that the whole front porch had been blown up and that you had to go in at the back entrance. And I was not unhappy about this till, in the middle of the day, I suddenly learned what everybody had supposed I knew: that Black, one of my colleagues whom I got on with best, an older man whom I liked and respected, with whom I had had a lot of pleasant talk, had been killed by the blast."

The butler brought us tea and said, "I was wondering if I might keep this as a souvenir, seeing that it fell in the kitchen." He held out to us a piece of shrapnel the size of a man's hand. "But did it not smash the windows to smithereens?" I asked. "It made a hole exactly its own size," he replied, "but the splintered glass held. That varnish we painted the windows with seems very serviceable."

While we were drinking our tea, my husband said, "Are those two women ready?" For we were taking down not only the housemaid but the cook. "I can hear them packing up things in the kitchen," I said. "What things?" he asked. "Oh, china, cruets, boot-polishing kits—all sorts of oddments we had forgotten in the hurried move to the country," I said. "Well, we had better take down something of the things we really value," he said. "What would you like to take?"

We looked round the lounge without much interest. "Let us go through the whole flat and look at what we have," I said, and we pushed back the tea table and walked through our rooms. Everything we saw seemed a victim of a sudden, irreparable depreciation of value. It was no longer worth its price, because of the people who lay dead under the whorled laths and plaster of a hundred rag-and-bone shops. It was sometimes distressing, because of other, less corporeal deaths. We have a Rembrandt drawing, a minute, cunning, loving piece of magic, a few strokes of a pencil which show, receding into an immense distance, mile upon mile upon mile of Holland. We have a Dufy that shows Burgundy as it is after the vines have been sprayed with copper sulphate, a blue land, deep bright blue, delphinium blue. They had become portraits of enslaved countries, unvisitable, dangerous.

Nothing in the apartment was now as dear to me as the few fields we owned in the country, as our haystacks, as our Jersey cows, or the bullocks we are fattening for the market. Yet, when we opened the drawing-room door and saw the long, narrow Empire table which throughout my married life has stood in front of the window, I felt all my muscles go tense. "What has happened to it?" I asked. "What has happened to it?" Each of the three panels that made up its top bulged unevenly, as if forced apart by some inner strain. Its two wide legs were thrusting clumsily outward, and the bar that joined them was ready to drop out of its sockets. I went up and touched it, and saw that every joint was gaping. Nothing had hit it, but it stood there like something dead and unspeakably mangled. Under the gentlest blow, this honestly and beautifully made article of furniture would have fallen to pieces on the floor. I felt a sick yet distant anger that was extreme and not quite my own, an anger that might have been felt by the long-dead cabinetmaker who had made this table. Behind me, the butler said, "It was like that when I came in this morning. I understand several people have noticed that the furniture under their windows has been affected like this. It has something to do with the vibrations from the blasts." Beyond the table, through the obscuring varnish on the windowpanes, I could see London, veiled by the smoke that was still rising from the ruins of John Lewis's store.

—REBECCA WEST

•

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THE WOLF

AFTER dinner, Austin Reynolds sat in the living room, listening to the voices of his wife and his daughter upstairs. Leona's young voice had mounted from sullenness to fierce resentment. Then she stopped talking and there was only the distraught diminuendo of her mother's final strictures. Austin held his pipe low, waiting intently for his daughter to speak, to scream, perhaps. Instead, a door slammed and Josephine came slowly down the stairs. She entered the living room and stopped near the mantelpiece.

"She locked herself into the room," Josephine said. "I frankly don't know how to talk to her these days."

"That's true," he said. "You don't."

"Well, you don't, either."

"Probably not."

"You might at least have tried."

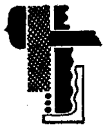
"I thought I had. At dinner. Don't you remember?"

"All I remember is you wondering what kind of a sailor a girl could pick up at the Whitney Museum, and being rather intrigued about it, too."

"Don't be so damned unfair," he said. "I'm as upset about this thing as you. I was being tactful, that's all. You don't talk to a girl of twenty as you would to a child who had accepted an ice-cream cone from a stranger. She feels persecuted enough as it is, for one evening. I'll try to speak with her tomorrow."

Josephine dropped into a big chair. "Please be sure to. Please. Who can tell what sort of violence a man like that is capable of when crossed? Austin, please do something."

"All I can do tonight is turn him away when he comes. I don't think we need worry about violence of any kind. On the contrary, he must be a pretty slick type to have made an impression on her in the first place. The very notion of working from the Whitney is a little too smooth for the ordinary roughneck. Where did she say they had planned to go?"



"Some movie. But what Leona says and what she does . . . I never know where she goes. Only yesterday I received a note from her Dean's office, saying she's overcut in four subjects. Good heavens, I try to do what's right, but how am I to *know?* She's just so completely out of hand. I sometimes think she should have been allowed to go to Northwestern, as she wanted to. Perhaps in a coeducational school she might have met boys of her own kind, and an awful thing like this couldn't've happened."

Austin watched her eyes wandering helplessly around the room, which was filled with her things—the spurious Copley portrait, supposed to be of an ancestor; the silver plate not wrought by Paul Revere. His mother's things—the framed lace, the Japanese prints—had been relegated to sideboard drawers and hallways, slowly but irrevocably, and always in his absence. Actually, these reallocations had not mattered to Austin, but their surreptitiousness had annoyed him. All that had been a very long time ago. Today, Austin simply wished he had obeyed a prescient impulse to spend the evening at his club.

The doorbell rang, hesitantly.

"The maid's out. You answer it," said Josephine.

"What do I tell him?"

"Anything. Just so he doesn't come back." She left the living room.

AUSTIN went to the front door. Until the moment he placed his hand on the knob he did not know what he was going to say. The figure he saw through the curtain was that of a large man in sailor's uniform.

"Is this the home of Miss Leona Reynolds?" the sailor asked. He had patently not been prepared for anything so substantial as this brownstone residence. He was even larger than Austin had judged—six feet three, perhaps—and husky and blond. He was holding his white cap in one hand and a flower box in the other. "She's expecting me, I think," he added.

Austin changed his mind about the thing to say. "I'm her father. Come in."

"My name is Dan Mulloy."

They shook hands and Austin led him into the living room. He sat on the edge of the least comfortable chair and let the flower box dangle nearly to the floor. He was not young for a sailor—twenty-seven or twenty-eight, perhaps.

"Leona's ill," said Austin. "She caught a head cold and may be laid up for a few days. Too bad it broke up your evening."

"I'm sorry she's sick. Could I see her?"

"It wouldn't be a very good idea. She really needs a few days' rest. Will you be in port for a while?"

"No, sir. This is my last night of shore leave, but I guess we'll be back here again. Will you say I said for her to get better?"

"Certainly."

Dan Mulloy sat a little further back in his chair and rested the flower box on the floor. The conversation was clearly up to Austin.

He said, "What is your assignment in the Navy, Mr. Mulloy?"

"Right now I'm a signalman, first class. Last year I was a gun pointer. I guess I've done most everything there is to do around a ship. This is my third enlistment."

"You must like it."

Mulloy looked noncommittal. "You know how it is. I mean I guess you know."

"I guess maybe I know," Austin said. "I was in the A.E.F. in '17 and '18. Infantry."

That seemed to relieve the boy a good deal. "Then I can tell you how I met Leona," he said.

"She told me."

"Did she? That's swell. I just didn't want you to think I was some kind of wolf—fresh guy. We just naturally got to talking. I couldn't figure out one of those pictures—must have clicked my tongue, and we just naturally got to laughing and talking."

"Oh, I understand. Do you often go to the Whitney?"

"The what?"

"The museum."

"I didn't know they called it the Whitney, but it was a museum, all right. No, I never been there before. I guess I wandered in off the street because it was cold and I got sick of tramping around town. I don't know where to go in New York any more. I can see all the movies I want to on board ship."

"Where are you from?" said Austin.

"That's just it. That's what gets me. I'm not *from* anywhere. I was born right here, down on Henry Street. Went to school here and everything. What happened was my folks died and I enlisted and never did get back until now. Honest, it's like another country. I thought I could look up some of the guys and families I used to know, but how do you find them? Even the block I lived on was torn down, the whole block of houses."

"Old-law tenements, probably."

"Right. It's like an earthquake hit the East Side. Not a house left for blocks around. Good thing for the city, I guess, but where does it leave me? Would you believe it, this is the first private home I been inside of since we hit port?"

"Strange."

"I'll say. Come to think of it, this is the first private home I been inside of for years, maybe. I thought I could go into a couple of barbershops or something down on Henry or Catharine Street and find out what happened to everybody, but the nearest old house that's standing is three blocks from where I used to live. So that leaves me on the outside looking in. When I say home now, it means a berth on the Arkansas. How do you like that?"

"You'll settle down sometime and have a home of your own," said Austin, wondering if that was what the boy wanted to hear.

"I hope so. Nothing like you and Mrs. Reynolds got here, I guess. Just some little place where I can throw my clothes around and not worry about inspection. You don't know what it means having run into Leona and you like this. Well, maybe you do if you were over there in '17. That couldn'ta been no picnic."

"It wasn't."

"So now I've taken up enough of your time," Dan Mulloy said. He stood up. "Will you give these to Leona? It's some gardenias."

"She likes gardenias a lot."

"Tell her I said for you to give them to her only if she took her medicine."

"I'll do that."

"Tell her I'll send that hula skirt like I promised." He backed away toward the door and through the hall. In the vestibule they shook hands, and again Dan Mulloy said, "Honest, it's meant a lot to me."

AUSTIN, with the flower box in his hand, went up the stairs and knocked on Leona's door. She did not answer, but he could hear her stirring on the bed.

"Baby . . ." he said.

He knocked twice more before Leona said, "Please don't. I'd so much rather be alone now."

"I'm leaving something on the rug here."

Then he stood at the head of the stairs for a moment. From the living room, Josephine called his name. He went down and took his overcoat out of the closet.

She met him in the hall and said, "Is he gone?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

"I'm going to the club," he said. "I just remembered I had a date for backgammon. Don't wait up."

He went out very quickly, before she had a chance to protest. Going down the street, he huddled into the heavy coat, shivering. —EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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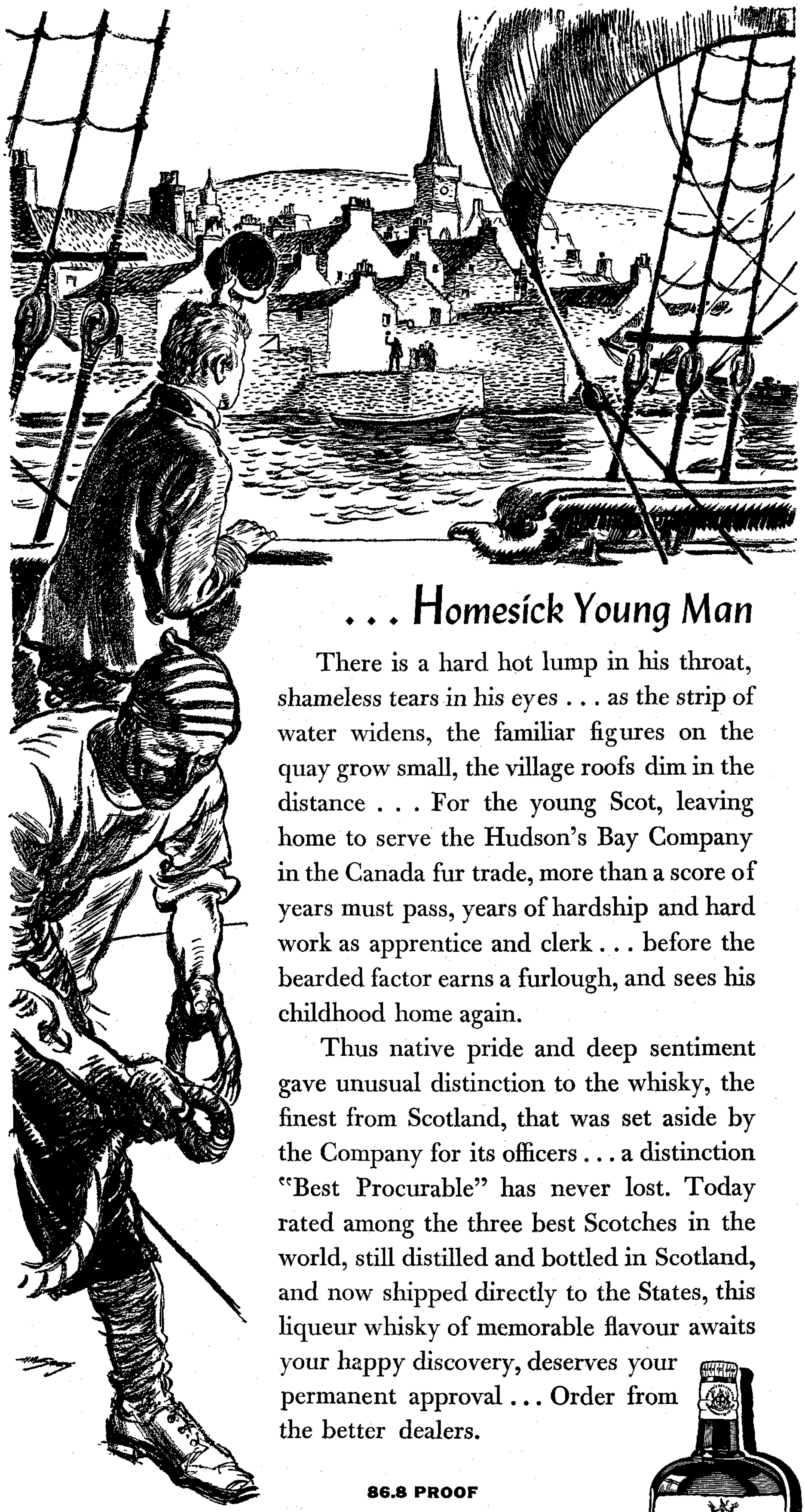
"If you ask why there aren't more good plays, I can only answer that I don't snow," he said.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Then we won't ask.



. . . Homesick Young Man

There is a hard hot lump in his throat, shameless tears in his eyes . . . as the strip of water widens, the familiar figures on the quay grow small, the village roofs dim in the distance . . . For the young Scot, leaving home to serve the Hudson's Bay Company in the Canada fur trade, more than a score of years must pass, years of hardship and hard work as apprentice and clerk . . . before the bearded factor earns a furlough, and sees his childhood home again.

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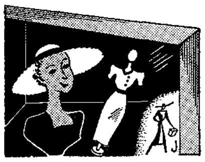
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PALM BEACH, JAN. 18



DURING the early part of the season here, a fashion observer would have been compelled to report that a sturdy line of plain and fancy raincoats was the backbone of the correct resort wardrobe. After Christmas, though, the sun started shining again and people began to venture out—timidly and austerely at first, then a little more bravely in last summer's tired left-overs, and finally in new things, giving a dash of color to beach and street.

For daytime wear, colors rule the roost. Black is getting a cool reception. "Sunshine black" or "moonlight black," it's all black to nature, and the feeling is that nature this far South is not friendly toward it. Everybody knows that black isn't the most fortunate choice to go with a darkly tanned face and arms, and people here have further theories. Some say that sunlight as bright and penetrating as it is in Florida drinks up the good in black, leaving only drabness, while others insist that it is the black absorbing the glare of the sun which creates gloom instead of dramatics. Whatever the reason, the verdict on black seems to be thumbs down.

Black isn't popular in combination with other colors, either. In this climate, shades of blue and lavender and pink go better with one another than any color goes with black. One attractively turned-out woman wears a dress of blue lavender trimmed with lavender pink and tops it with a purple hat. Pale-skinned girls who, up North, love the contrast of black dare not wear black evening dresses in the peculiar light from artificial moons that filters at night through the foliage of numberless patios. Havana women, to be sure, wear black in the winter, but their lives are totally different from ours, for they stay in dim, cool rooms all day. Moreover, their gardenia-colored skin responds to black under artificial light.

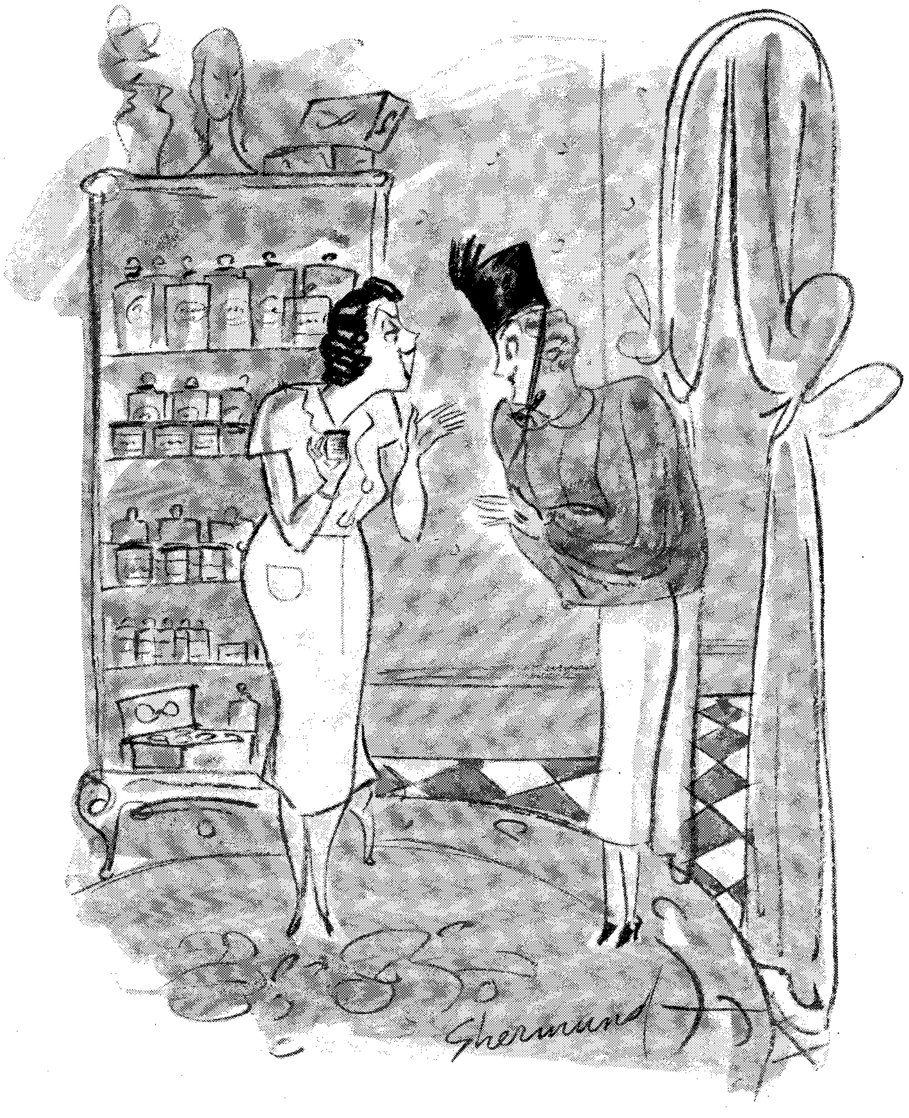
THE prettiest and the smartest women at the Everglades Club on Christmas and New Year's wore pastels—white lace, pink chiffon, blue satin. There were enough sequins to give glitter but not to dominate the gowns. I had been vaguely worried about the quantity of sequins in the autumn fashion showings in New York, and it was a relief to find that American women, regardless of what is urged on them, have learned not to overdo. One young matron with a two-year-old offspring to her credit looked eighteen in billowing blue net, with sequins outlining her arms and shoulders and a few in her soft, dark hair.

It is too early to tell whether the prevailing vogue for dinner dresses with sleeves, short or long, means simply that the season is still in its infancy or that women feel this is no year to dress too formally and ostentatiously. Certainly "important" jewelry is not as apparent as in other years, though heavy gold costume stuff is worn freely, and somewhere in the crowd you'll always see one of those patriotic emblem pins or a clip. Compacts and cigarette cases are red, white, and blue, some of them emblazoned with the American flag.

IN the daytime, the bright sun and brilliant flowers demand that you dress up to them, and the result is flowered silk prints and blinding green or orange cottons that look as much at home on the street as they would in your garden. The newest contestant for the place once held by the classic brown-and-white pump is colorful, too—a red alligator shoe that is worn with gray pajamas, chartreuse dresses, everything.

It is no news that this is a pajama-wearing community. Residents are divided into tailored and frilly types. One moment, you see yellow foulard splashed with green flowers and adorned with a ruffled jabot down the front and deep, pleated ruffles around the bottoms of the full legs; the next, you gasp over a slim, trim, tailored pink sharkskin slack suit with a bois-de-rose sleeveless jerkin of suède. Dinner pajamas were very popular before Christmas and will be again after the first of April, when almost none of the best restaurants are open and most entertaining is done at home.

New Year's Day eggnog parties



"The base is lava, from a volcano."

brought to light some lovely straw hats, small and decked with veils and flowers. This, however, is not to be taken as the sign of a trend, for Palm Beach likes its day clothes simple and feels too dressed-up in hats and gloves. A hair net for windy days is about as far as most vacationers go, and one redhead has been compelled to explain over and over again at cocktail parties that she wears white gloves solely because her hands are freckled. Miami Beach, on the other hand, makes a firm distinction between lounging-around mornings and cocktail-party afternoons, and there you will find chiffons and hats and gloves cropping up at teatime.

ON the beach there is a pleasing epidemic of navy-blue-and-white striped silk bathing suits with pleated skirts that have broad or narrow stripes, depending on the figure. The two-piece bra suit is back again. Last year it was worn only by tiny or very young girls, and I rather hoped it would soon be gone forever, never having been one to relish the sight of a long expanse of ribs or a prominent tummy. There are plenty on view again, though, and we can only hope for the best.

Bathing suits may be reverting to bare middles, but tennis clothes have grown more modest. Shorts are longer, and tennis dresses are knee-length and pleated or gathered at the waist. Stark white is still the only color.

WHILE slacks are Palm Beach's daytime uniform, only a few women in Nassau wear them, the majority preferring to employ native seamstresses to make up simple cotton and India-print dresses. The most marked difference between Palm Beach and Nassau, though, has always been the formality of evening clothes over on the island. It used to be a rule there that a man had to wear white tie to dine at Government House and that his lady had to be done up in her most décolleté evening dress and her most impressive jewels; in other houses, the hostess decided whether it was to be black or white tie. Now, however, the Duke of Windsor, as Governor, has ruled out white ties for the duration of the war. This, of course, doesn't mean a complete letting down at Government House—a dirndl won't get you by. Wherever there is dancing, as at the Bahamian Club, the Jungle, or the Colonial Hotel, evening dress is compulsory.

In Palm Beach, the same rule applies at the Everglades Club, and though you will be admitted in the evening to either

The Fable of the Chameleon Who Died Game

Leon lay lazily along the top rail of the old snake fence. It was hot in the Spring sun, and Leon loved heat. He had eaten seven flies and was content to lie perfectly still while his strong stomach juices digested them.

You could have looked directly at Leon and never have seen him. His skin was exactly the gray of the weathered wood. Later, as he scurried up the tree in hungry quest of more flies, his sides and back would gleam with the tender green of the debutante leaves.

And already Leon was looking forward to the Fall. Ah, that was the time when a fellow could really strut his stuff! When one could rise ecstatically with these same leaves to a crashing chromatic crescendo of crimson and gold.

But Leon was not to know another Fall.

That Summer a careless picnicker left a Scotch plaid scarf by the old rail fence.

Leon lived up to the noblest traditions of his race. To his last gasp he kept trying.

• • •

Moral: The junk shops and auction rooms are full of things that seemed like good ideas to somebody in 1887, 1904, 1929 or 1940. Sloane's seven floors are full of things that either were or would have been in perfect taste in 1741, 1841...still are in 1941, and will be in 2041.

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the Patio or the Colony Restaurant in day clothes, you will be tucked away in a corner and made to feel like a very poor relation. —C. W.

NEW YORK POSTSCRIPT—

I HAVEN'T been to Palm Beach this season, and my preview of the 1941 resort clothes took place under a cold, gray New York sky, yet I can't help feeling that a number of the vacationers down there must have gone shopping in peculiar places. Hattie Carnegie is showing some mighty daring combinations of purple pinks and orange pinks for evening, but nary a sign of red alligator shoes worn with a chartreuse dress has been seen north of Fourteenth Street. I have been around quite a bit, and I still wouldn't know where to buy pajamas decorated with jabots and pleated frills that are designed either for cabañas or for the street. Even Hollywood cuties would rather be caught with their wrong profile toward the camera than in such things, though their predilection for pale-pink-and-blue tailored slack suits makes a definite contribution to the West Coast scene.

The question of black is always controversial. Granted that it looks like the devil on women who are tanned (as more returning vacationists should realize), the problem of what women who do not tan well—and there are many—should wear is not solved. A brilliant sun makes their skins look pasty instead of luminous, and a sharp contrast is an enormous help. I can see that dull black fabrics, like shantung, would have a gray and hopeless look under a semi-tropical sun, but I maintain stoutly that dead shiny black in satin Lastex or sharkskin looks marvellous with white skin. I suspect, too, that men haven't relinquished their preference for slippery black bathing suits on women, any more than they have their more futile yearning for long, sheer, black stockings.

While I am still wondering where the smart people are buying their clothes these days, I take time out to marvel at the way things can rise under a democratic system. Compacts with American flags on them—from Woolworth's to Cartier's in no time! —L. L.

SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

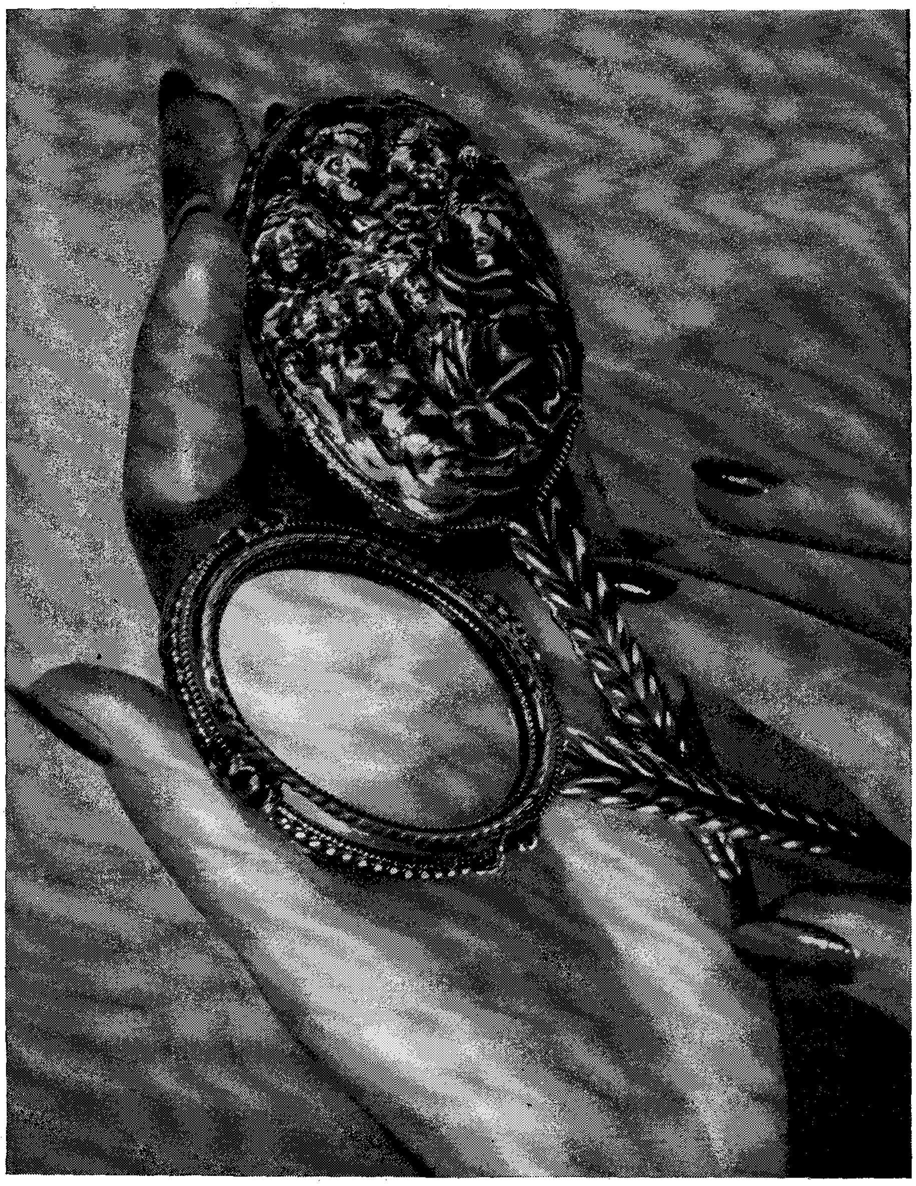
For Fishermen, Skiers, and Stay-at-Homes

ANYONE who has ever sat in the cockpit of one of those chartered Florida fishing launches, cursing the heavy equipment supplied by its captain and vowing to lug down his own next winter, should be glad to hear about some really light salt-water tackle that I've just come across at William Mills & Son, of 21 Park Place. They've taken one of their standard fresh-water trout rods, a whippy, nine-foot bamboo affair, and fitted it with an extra-heavy butt that slips into a specially designed holster on a leather belt and harness. Rigged up with a regular 6/0 reel and 12-thread Cuttyhunk line, the combination, if you can believe it, is suitable for sailfish, provided you're reasonably expert. With it, there's no sitting in a chair, when you get a strike, and fighting out a tug of war; instead, you stride about the boat, playing your catch for all the world as if it were a gigantic brook trout. To give you some idea of the sport you'll have, I might add that the bamboo part of the rod weighs only six ounces and that sailfish up to seventy-five pounds have been taken with this equipment. Mills asks $87 for the rod and $30 for the belt. Those who aren't quite so adventurous but still feel up to trying something out of the ordinary will be interested in Mills' shorter version of the same thing—a five-and-a-half-foot bass rod similarly made over for sailfish by means of a heavy butt.

Fishermen who were afraid that the end of Edward Vom Hofe & Co. last year also meant the end of the firm's fine rods and reels will be relieved to learn that another manufacturer has bought the Vom Hofe rights and secrets, and is turning out the same equipment. Abercrombie & Fitch carry most of it, and you can walk into that shop and order practically any one of your old favorites, just as you once did on the second floor of 92 Fulton Street. . . . Alex Taylor, at 22 East 42nd Street, suspects that linen line will become scarcer and scarcer if the war continues and is prepared to meet the situation with a nylon substitute. It's treated to withstand salt water and is good for anything up to and including sailfish.

THE shops are full of new things for the constantly increasing number of ski enthusiasts. One is the Ring-O-Matik, a ski pole designed to eliminate the danger of catching in bushes during a downhill dash. Instead of the conventional wood or metal snow ring, with its mesh of leather straps to give support when climbing, this pole has a smooth plastic disc which is just as effective and isn't as likely to get tangled up in brush. I found the Ring-O-Matik selling for $12.50 a pair at Norse House, 560 Fifth Avenue (46th), the Wimbdon Company, 371 Lexington Avenue (41st), and the White Mountain Ski Shop, 926 Seventh Avenue (58th). Skiers who drive convertibles and so can't use the roof type of carrier may now get a rack which can be hooked onto the side of a car. It has space for four pairs of skis and costs around $4 at Alex Taylor. Then there's the ski-wax gauge Macy is showing. It's a mysterious arrangement that operates, I understand, rather like a barometer; you rest it on a ski on the snow and pretty soon a hand on the gauge's dial indicates the proper type of wax to use under the existing conditions. Skiers who are particular about their boots may want to consult André, at 49 East 47th Street, who makes them to order on three weeks' notice for $40 a pair. André also has a ski-tow gripper to save you the trouble of hanging onto tow ropes. It's a simple, practical device consisting of a metal clip which can be snapped onto the tow line and is attached by a cord to a sturdy belt that goes around your waist—just lean back and up you glide; $2.50. At Abercrombie again, you'll find a new kind of folding goggle called the Allais, which when in use is held tightly against the face by an elastic headband and yet is sufficiently ventilated to prevent fogging. It comes in a snap-button carrying case and you have your choice of clear, smoked, or yellow lenses.

PERHAPS you'll want to look up a couple of games that have just appeared. One of them is called King-Pin, a parlor version of those nickel-in-the-slot bowling games which are a standard pastime in some of the town's less elegant bars. It's a miniature alley with a set of tiny pins and a ball that is rolled by a little metal man who has



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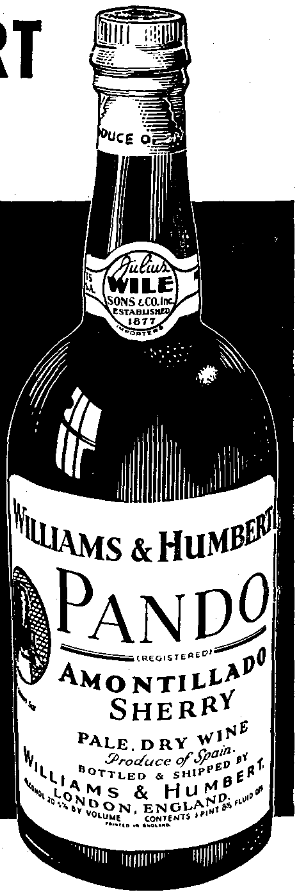

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IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

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a movable arm and is manipulated by means of two knobs. Skill definitely counts, although there's more of a chance than on a full-sized alley for the novice who never made a strike in his life. The game costs $5 at F. A. O. Schwarz. People who know their baseball and can't wait for the season to arrive will find plenty to occupy their minds in a game which Macy is selling for $1.88. It's called Inside Baseball and is one of the most carefully thought-out board games I've seen in a long while. I won't attempt to describe it, for the details would sound hopelessly complicated unless you had the game right in front of you, but it's worth pointing out that the whole thing is based on a study of big-league games and that the winner, more often than not, is the person who has the best knowledge of what is most likely to happen under any given set of circumstances on a real diamond.

Reminder to jigsaw-puzzle fans: The Par Company, at 18 East 53rd Street (Plaza 3-7181), offers a jigsaw-puzzle rental service at prices which start at sixty cents a week for a 350-piece poser. Delivery is free in Manhattan south of Ninety-sixth Street, and mail or telephone orders reaching the company before noon will be filled on the same day. Clients who live elsewhere receive their puzzles by mail.

—E. F. K.

•

"Truth Digest," New York, is now called "Think What You Want."—*From the Bulletin of Bibliography.*

Circulation department's doings, probably.

•

Miss Pons, who was dressed in a coffee-colored ensemble, on the jacket of which she wore the ribbon of the French Legion of Honor, a mink coat and a wide-brimmed off-the-face hat, smiled happily as she acquired her new nationality.—*The Times.*

She might just as well pin *that* on, too.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

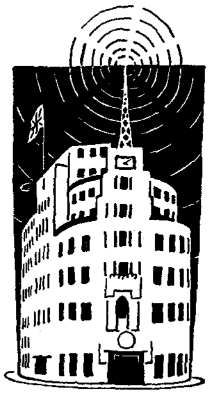
[*From the Richmond* (*Va.*) *News Leader*]

It was an unforgettable experience for those all too few Richmonders who availed themselves of the opportunity that they now know was a rare one. The joyous revelry and bawdy ribaldry that Shakespeare used to flavor his story of love in Illyria was plucked like a choice bud from its romantic foliage and placed upon a painter's palette where it emitted a new perfume rarely detected these days in which Shakespeare is taken seriously.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 18 (BY CABLE)

THE crackup of Bardia was about the best news for the British in very many weeks. Perhaps the best news of all, though, was that before the thrilled and delighted public had got its breath back again, the boys were quietly sitting down outside Tobruk. The speed and perfect organization of the whole offensive made it seem deceptively easy—like watching a champion holing a long putt or sending down a winning forehand smash. It was certainly instructive later to find out what the Axis had to say about the Italian defeat. The British blinked when they heard from Rome that it would make no difference to the Italian people, "who are of yeoman stock quite different from the neurotic community found today in Britain." The neurotic community also got a wry grin or two from the German official comment that "while the British gain a military victory, the Italians' is a moral victory," a statement which brought back memories of the journalistic bunk that was dished out here at the time of the Battle of Norway and other disastrous incidents. It now seems to be a well-worn propaganda convention on both sides that good soldiers never lose; when they do, it's a moral victory, not a rout.



Students of Kipling were gratified by the promptness with which Sir Archibald Wavell, in the middle of the stress and strain of a campaign, came right back with a message full of "Jungle Book" references in answer to the Kipling Society's cabled congratulations on "Tabaqui's discomfiture." The General replied neatly, "Many thanks. Hope Shere Khan's skin will soon be on Council Rock." The *Times*, fastening gleefully upon this particularly juicy bit of bookish jocularity and interpreting it for its less cultured readers, explained that Tabaqui was, of course, Mussolini—"the dish-licker, one of the jackal tribe, a jungle gossip, talebearer, and mischief-maker"—and that Shere Khan, the man-eating tiger, was "Hitler and his German man-killers, who wish to destroy Mowgli, the man child." A correspondent then suggested that "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi would make a good type for Greece—little Greece, which has flown at the venomous aggressor." Even in the middle of the current enthusiasm and confidence, however, no sober Briton is likely to forget that the main struggle with Shere Khan is yet to come; that, as the Germans commented, without any literary trimmings, "Cyrenaica is not the scene of war upon which the fate of a powerful conflict can rest."

WHAT has been taking place in Libya and on the Mediterranean hasn't distracted the public, especially the feminine half of it, from noticing the equally significant happenings in the food stores at home. Recently, many housewives, on getting to the butcher's, have found themselves in the position of Mother Hubbard and her dog. The cupboards were bare, so much so that a lot of harassed butchers put up their shutters and went home to listen to the B.B.C. explain that a jam in distribution was responsible for the meat rations of most people being cut in half or worse. The disquieting shipping losses—although, to the relief of everyone, the situation has looked a good deal healthier in the past fortnight—have probably been more to blame for the sudden shortages of this and that to which the ordinarily well-provisioned British are having to accustom themselves.

It is true, nevertheless, that distribution is not working as smoothly as it might be. While many London retailers have had plenty of food and a diminished number of customers to buy it, unhappy tradespeople in the country have had to contend with an enormously increased population and a supply of foodstuffs often unintelligently rationed on the basis of the local consumption before the war. Commuting businessmen are ordered by their wives to make forages on the meat markets in town in search of the elusive pork sausage or to send their clerks down to the East End, where an occasional vintage pot of now almost unobtainable marmalade may still be unearthed. It's possible that the conservative British, who have always been excessive meat eaters since the days when Fielding's squires downed a leg of mutton for breakfast, may turn into a nation of simpler and healthier feeders if Lord Woolton, the extremely competent food controller, succeeds in his present efforts to make families conscious of oatmeal and raw carrots by publicizing them as antidotes for blackout blindness. Many people who want this war won as quickly as possible think that the controller might also take a crack at hotel

Artichoke

Pale green, the color of artichokes, in a basket weave wool coat, very nipped, very chic. The beet print dress has little bowknots around the square neck. Also in grey, navy, or beige. Sizes 10 to 40. $98.00

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and restaurant menus, which are still as generous as though there wasn't a U-boat afloat.

It seems to the same questioning minds that the war effort could be tightened up in other departments as well. Although there has been a big reduction in the number of occupations which exempt a man from war duty, it's still noticeable that there are altogether too many skilled mechanics in chauffeurs' uniforms and too many first-class horticulturists engaged in nursing along someone's prize rhododendrons instead of getting the land into shape to stop the U-boats from being the threat they are now. The latest lists of exempt occupations, by the way, make fascinating reading; in them one learns that no military service is required of tea tasters, underhand puddlers, twisters, strippers, dog whippers, tidal-water bargees, funeral directors, and pulpit men (who are concerned with the manufacture of steel and have nothing to do with the also-exempt evangelists).

It is thought that Mr. Bevin, in the statement expected from him next week, is at last going to make use of the drastic powers over manpower and industry which were given him so enthusiastically some months ago. Now that the period of gestation is nearly over, the nation is hoping to see something really lusty and kicking delivered.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Dear Nancy: I would like to ask your advice about a certain matter. It may not seem very important, but it is to me.

What would you do if two people were in love but couldn't marry? The reason, Nancy, is this: The boy had his fortune told when he was younger, and the fortune teller told him that he would die in his 24th year. We both believe in marriage but he doesn't want to because he says he doesn't want to leave a young wife and possibly children.

I have told him maybe the fortune teller was wrong, but he says she wasn't because every day he would have his fortune told for the following day and everything would turn out as she predicted. You see, Nancy, he is from the South and this lady was a very old person living in the hills.—*Letter in Nancy Brown's column in the Detroit News.*

He's a goner, all right.

•

CORRECTION

The price of the supper and dance at Toddville tomorrow is 50c for both instead of, Supper 50c and Dancing 35c, as stated in yesterday's issue. Dancing alone is 35.—*Peekskill Evening Star.*

And who wants to dance alone?

SPOTLIGHT SONATA

"SHE'S got everything!" nearly everyone always says when you mention Nadine Forest's name.

It does look that way. You start out with her cool, young beauty. She's almost thirty, they tell me, which is getting on in the night-club sector, but she looks about twenty-two. She's slender, but she's so softly curved that you never think of her as being thin, the way some of the more angular motion-picture stars look thin when you see them in real life. Her very fair hair may be touched up a bit, but it looks natural, with the soft glints in it that the little towheaded girl who lived next door to you when you were a child used to have. Her eyes are large and she doesn't use a great deal of makeup on them, and her mouth is perfection. You couldn't ask for more faultless skin. And, as if appearance isn't enough, there's Nadine's voice. It isn't powerful—not powerful enough for a musical show, they tell me—but, with a mike to help it come over, it is mellow and rich and lovely. She puts emotion back of her singing, too.

Nadine Forest sings at La Montaine. She sings there all the time, not just for short engagements, the way most singers do at night clubs. And she doesn't just sing choruses with the band when folks are dancing. Not Nadine! She's the star of the floor show. House lights down and elaborate baby spots and all of that. There's always a couple of ballroom dancers—they change—and one more act, a male comedian or something like that, but Nadine is always the star of the show. Everyone expects her to be. A special hush comes over the crowds at the tables when she sings. Occasionally she sings a classical or near-classical number. Usually, though, she confines herself to popular stuff—the lead numbers on the Hit Parade and the most-often-called-for torch songs. Nadine's singing has got something. Simplicity. More than that. An undercurrent that gets you. You feel nostalgic—for a past you've never had.

Those who know say that part of the popularity of La Montaine is attributable to Nadine Forest's singing. La Montaine and the Stork and Versailles get the same kind of people—sophisticated New Yorkers who want to see and be seen, and spend money, and have a good time, too.

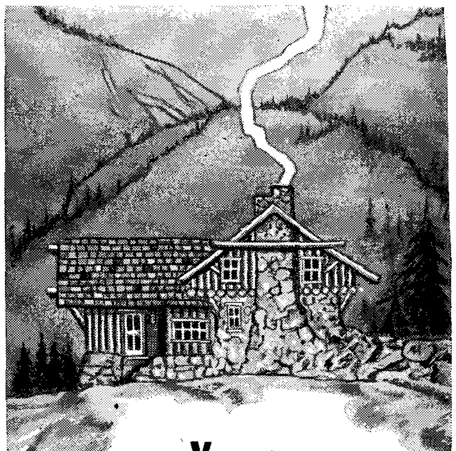
Nadine always arrives at La Montaine rather late. She's too important to be on for the dinner show. If there's an elegant opening at the theatre, she's usually there, accompanied by one or another of the impeccable, smooth young men with rather unsmiling faces and sleek hair who always escort her. At La Montaine she goes on first around twelve-thirty or one, and then she sits in the club, usually until she's on again. She sits with her young men, or more often with Jerry Tolsoli, who owns the club.

They sit quietly, she and Jerry. They never seem to have a great deal to say to each other. Jerry is usually turning his head around to see if anyone is looking for him. Usually someone *is* looking for him—a night-club reporter or a columnist or someone who wants an evening on the cuff. Jerry leaves the table and Nadine sits there alone until he comes back again.

Occasionally someone sits down at their table—an actor who is with a hit show, a visiting Hollywood star, some other celebrity. Then they all seem to be having a good time. Usually, though, it's just Nadine and Jerry Tolsoli, and since neither one of them talks much or loudly you feel that they're being casual about what's going on at the club—who came in and who said what about or to whom. People come in and look at Nadine and nod and say, "She's got everything."

JERRY TOLSOLI is drinking too much these days, and his friends are pretty worried about him. Night-club owners as a rule don't drink much. They're even on the wagon, a lot of them. Those who do drink take Scotch occasionally, or wine with their dinner. They've seen too much drinking. They know when they're well off.

He's an odd fellow, Jerry. But then most successful club owners are rather odd fellows. They kind of draw into themselves as they get successful. Maybe they have to, for self-preservation. Jerry started out as a waiter. He was from New York's lower East Side



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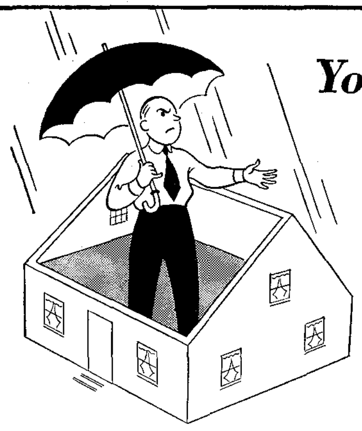

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3 dashes Angostura Bitters
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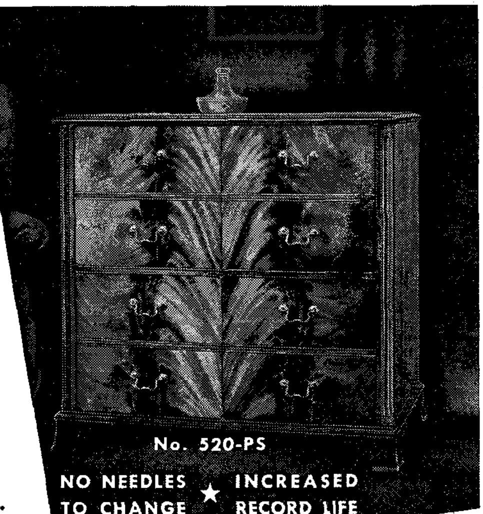

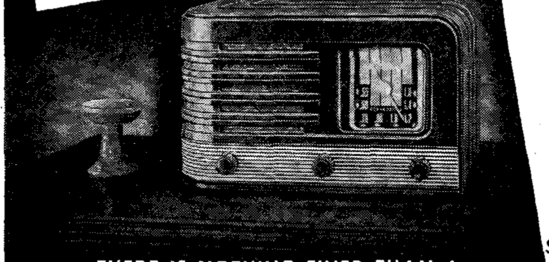

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Stromberg-Carlson

and nobody expected much of him; it is possible that Jerry didn't expect much of himself. He must have been a good-looking boy. He's a good-looking man now, with that touch of gray in his hair.

When he was a waiter, he had a chance to go in with his cousin, who was a bootlegger. Jerry knew about the danger of it, and as for the law, all he knew about the law was to stay away from the cop on the corner. He learned more about it. He was a good bootlegger. He was honest, as bootleggers went, and fearless, and he got along with the men he had to deal with. It was a rough and wild life, more Western frontier than New York, but Jerry Tolsoli hadn't ever exactly been sheltered.

His cousin was killed, but Jerry stayed in the game and prospered. No matter what happened, he landed on his feet. And when prohibition was over, there he was, a law-abiding citizen with a night club.

Before long it all got to be very high-class. The right elegant young man was commissioned to do the decorations, the right elegant young man to do the publicity. There were also the right, and not so elegant, chef, cooks, waiters, captains, and bartenders. And now Jerry is owner of one of the best spots in town.

Jerry is as generous as they come. He never puts a cover charge on the bills of the right people. He's always taking up the checks of the people who should have their checks picked up. He sends perfume and flowers and champagne at Christmas. He is always affable and, while he doesn't smile a great deal, people feel they can depend on him. And he's still fairly young and so good-looking. No wonder a hundred people a night look at him with admiration and get a feeling of well-being from him. They say, "It's a real pleasure to see Jerry Tolsoli. He's got everything." It's only his best friends who are worried about his drinking.

NOT many people say anything at all about Mrs. Tolsoli. Not many people know about her, if it comes to that. She never appears in La Montaine. She never went to the speakeasy during prohibition. A woman's place is in the home, Mrs. Tolsoli believes.

Jerry married her about the time he was starting in with his cousin. She was an East Side girl, and, those days, Jerry didn't have any idea of getting ahead. She was black-haired and her eyes sparkled, and Jerry, who didn't talk a lot even then, liked a girl who had something to say. They never had any children. There was going to be a baby, but Mrs. Tolsoli got knocked down by an automobile a couple of months before it was to be born and the doctor said there couldn't ever be any babies. Mrs. Tolsoli feels this all worked out for the best; with Jerry away all the time or asleep when other husbands are at home, he'd never be a good father. She thinks he isn't a very good husband, but she doesn't know what to do about it. She has a big place, almost an estate, in Westchester. The big house is decorated and furnished in rather questionable taste, but Mrs. Tolsoli loves it. She chose everything herself.

Mrs. Tolsoli is quite fat. She's always planning to diet, but she never gets to it. After all, she has a good cook, and eating is one of the most enjoyable things in life. She likes a good dinner and a glass of wine afterward. When she has no guests, she turns on the radio and falls asleep.

Her life wouldn't suit most people, but, as she points out, she likes it. She wakes up late. Jerry, if he is at home, is still asleep. She has breakfast in bed. She still gets a thrill out of that. Think of little Rosa Zalotti living like this and breakfast in bed! She eats heartily. How can women get along on toast and tea? She leafs through a couple of magazines and then gets up. Sometimes she drives into town (she's never learned to drive herself, but her chauffeur is excellent), meets one of her numerous cousins, and goes shopping. She makes the cousin happy by buying some small thing for her. Mrs. Tolsoli adds to her already elaborate wardrobe a lot of the things she never wears at all. In summer she stays out in the country for weeks at a time. She usually has people visiting her—her family mostly, and once in a long while some of Jerry's friends. She likes to have them. It makes her feel that she has a bond with him.

When Tolsoli is home he has dinner with her and drives in to the club afterward. He has a little place in town, and sometimes, when he's very late, he stays there. Usually, though, he drives home after the club closes; he likes to drive himself in his very smart roadster. Everything is quiet in the house during the day, so he can sleep.

Mrs. Tolsoli doesn't know a great many people. Funny, but for all the people Tolsoli meets, he seldom brings anyone home. She's asked him to, but he says he doesn't believe in mixing up his life. Well, that's all right with her! She knows that her friends all look at her and are frankly envious of her big home, and the grounds, and the servants, and the new car every two years, and of her being married to Jerry Tol-

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soli, who owns La Montaine. She knows they say, "She has everything."

TOLSOLI would like to get a divorce. He's spoken to Rosa about it. But why should she give him a divorce, Rosa asks herself. He's in love with some girl who sings at the club, Mrs. Tolsoli knows, and if she divorces him, he'd marry the girl right away, and Mrs. Tolsoli would be nothing. Now she's his wife, isn't she? Didn't she stand by him through thick and thin? Oh, she didn't do so badly, but she stood by. What would she gain by stepping aside now so that some other woman would get him?

"I'm not that big a fool," Mrs. Tolsoli tells the cousin who is her most intimate friend. "I know when I'm well off. Haven't I got everything the way I am now?"

—THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

•

THE REALM OF MOOT

The right of petitioners to the relief sought has . . . absolutely been removed from the realm of moot.—*Justice Schmuck, quoted in the New York Law Journal.*

Some distance under heaven,
Not very far from hell,
There spreads a baleful region
Where luckless mortals dwell.
No grasses grow upon its soil,
No blossoms turn to fruit,
For tempests rage forever
Throughout the Realm of Moot.

Across this stretch of limbo
No single step is sure,
And men are bogged in quicksand
And struggle to endure.
They feed on husks of argument,
They languish in dispute,
And seek in vain for nutriment
Throughout the Realm of Moot.

Eureka and Utopia!
Our thanks to Justice Schmuck
For conjuring so blissfully
A place where one can duck
The miseries of pro and con,
Where certainty takes root
And all unsettled problems are
At once consigned to Moot.

—MELVILLE CANE

•

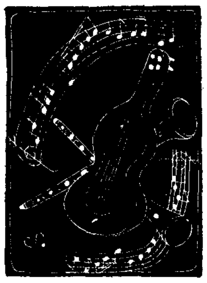
The Duke came in with two Cairns looking very young and handsome, I thought.—*Alice Hemming in the Journal & American.*

They've probably had pretty good care.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Bruckner and Novelties

NOWADAYS you don't encounter many old-line Bruckner-haters—fellows who insist that the Bruckner symphonies are as dull and clumsy as they are long. Most concertgoers apparently believe (a) that Bruckner is a master and that anyone who doubts it is a probably malicious dope or (b) that the symphonies are well worth an occasional hearing, if only for the sake of their high spots. Many conductors, however, recall the time when "Anton Bruckner" were fighting words, and these maestri present his symphonies as if they were trying to sell them to listeners whose resistance is massive. This crusading approach results in a high average of excellence for Bruckner performances, and almost every time he's played, Bruckner gets a break.



Bruno Walter, the Philharmonic's current guest conductor, last week directed Bruckner's eighth symphony with everything he had, which is a great deal. Discounting a few brass blops, the orchestra was magnificent, and there wasn't anything in the score that Mr. Walter didn't make clear and impressive, except when the symphony itself wasn't clear and impressive.

By way of prelude to the symphony, Mr. Walter conducted Handel's G-minor Concerto Grosso sitting at a keyboard and playing the piano part as he led the musicians. This business of doubling as instrumentalist and director doesn't usually bring about the tidiest possible performances, and even Mr. Walter's genial energy and a few bits of foot-stamping didn't ward off some fumbles. These lapses weren't fatal, though, because the conductor and the orchestra were having a high time over the concerto, which emerged with an engaging bounce and informality.

FOR the third of the National Orchestral Association's evenings in Carnegie Hall, Leon Barzin, the conductor, concentrated on music that had been heard hereabouts infrequently or not at all, and served up one of the most interesting sessions the Association has offered. Two works had their local premières: Richard Arnell's overture, "The New Age," and David Diamond's "Psalm for Orchestra." Mr. Arnell's overture was unaffectedly up-to-date and ably put together. Mr. Diamond's "Psalm," written about four years ago, hasn't the individuality of this gifted young composer's later compositions, but it says its say concisely and expertly. The orchestra also played a suite from Prokofieff's ballet, "Romeo and Juliet"—adroit and ingratiating stuff.

Many of us hadn't previously met up with the two Mozart concert arias sung by William Hain, the soloist of the evening. One, "Si mostra la sorte," wasn't anything that would have been revived if it hadn't been Mozart. The other, however—"Se al labbro mio non credi"—was representative Mozart, and Mr. Hain sang it suavely and musically. Poking into Miss Emily Anderson's excellent three-volume edition of Mozart's letters, I learned that this aria was a custom job for Anton Raaff, the tenor. "I like an aria to fit a singer as perfectly as a well-made suit of clothes," wrote Mozart. The composer's businesslike approach—his choice of a text that the singer already knew, his readiness to write a new aria if the tenor didn't like the first offering, and his revisions to favor the voice limitations of Raaff, who was in his sixties—provides an entertaining view of a musical genius who also was a first-rate professional.

ILLNESS and concert engagements exhausted the Metropolitan's supply of Brünnhildes last week, so "Die Walküre" was replaced by "Tannhäuser," and Mme. Elsa Zebranska, who was to have made her Metropolitan début as Fricka, appeared instead as Venus. This was no stroke of good fortune for Mme. Zebranska, whose voice evidently is too light for the Venus music.

The year's first "Otello" was about like most recent Metropolitan showings of this opera, although the latest Desdemona, Mme. Stella Roman, sang with more ease than some of her predecessors. Lawrence Tibbett, who had used his voice cagily in "Rigoletto" and "Pagliacci," handled Iago with no conspicuous constraint, and won out over the vocal problems of the rôle with something to spare. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Mrs. Florence Robinson led the discussion topic, "ou, Too, Can Stay oung," at the regular meeting.—*El Dorado (Ark.) News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Mud and a Country Horse

RACING is settling down at Hialeah. Owl Eyes, a clocker who times the workouts before daylight, says that if the track gets much deeper from the rains Miami is having, the horses are going to sink right out of sight. Clockers have a way of talking in extremes, though, and I rather fancy it won't get quite that bad.

For years, racegoers have mulled and worried over what makes some thoroughbreds run better than others in mud, but up to now nobody has discovered the answer. You might think that conformation and the way a horse strides would have a lot to do with it, but somehow it doesn't. There are clumsy, long-striding beasts who are unable to win on anything except a heavy track, and nimble, short-striding ones who bog down on anything but a fast one. To complicate matters further, some runners go well in one kind of mud and badly in another, and handicappers have catalogued an astonishing number of varieties of mud.

There's a school of thought that believes bloodlines have a lot to do with how a horse runs in the mud, but following this theory is difficult, too. For example, colts and fillies by Man o' War run well in the mud, but those by Hard Tack, a son of Man o' War, do not. (It might be worth making a note that most of the Wheatley Stable horses at Miami, on whom you're likely to get tips any day now, are by Hard Tack.) You may recall that Johnstown, by Jamestown, was not a mudder. However, Beau James, also by Jamestown, is first rate in sloppy going, as he had to be to win the Palm Beach Handicap at Hialeah last weekend. Then there are Whirlaway and Blenweed, both by Blenheim II. Remember how Whirlaway practically had to swim to win the Hopeful at Saratoga? Well, when Blenweed was beaten in a race the other day his trainer blamed the muddy track. To me, what happened to Blenweed seemed to be just a demonstration of the proposition that six other horses sometimes can run faster than an odds-on favorite.

MAYBE it's too early to get excited over Clarksville, who recently won a race for three-year-olds. I don't suppose he'll beat Whirlaway in the Flamingo Stakes, although there'll be a mighty chorus of I-told-you-sos if he does, but his background is more interesting than his rival's, for his dam once was a work horse on a farm. It happened this way. Clarksville's owner and trainer is John Greener, who started out as a steeplechase jockey, gave that up to run a drugstore in Nashville, and three years ago decided to take up racing again, hoping to breed and develop some jumpers. Looking about for horses, he discovered, in Clarksville, Missouri, five brood mares and a stallion named Hecla, who was by Stefan the Great—or Stoppin' the Great, as horsemen used to call him. All six of them were being used for light farmwork. Greener doesn't know how the animals got there, but their registration papers were in order, so he bought them, together with a foal he named Clarksville to celebrate the occasion, for $1,500. Last season, Clarksville won four of his eight starts, and to date has earned $5,100. That isn't all. One of Greener's next crop of foals is Treemontier, a two-year-old who has won both of his starts at Hialeah.

NOTES ON AN OLD HIALEAH RACE CARD: People having their pictures taken in front of the $100 tote window. . . . Peter Widener presenting the prizes to the owners of stakes-race winners—practical gifts this year, such as silver cigar and cigarette boxes, picture frames, clocks, and platters. . . . Bimelech surprising the early-morning horse-watchers with a fast gallop in the mud. . . . The crowd blossoming out in furs and overcoats for the weekend. . . . The dog-racing tracks announcing "modern heating plants for the comfort of patrons."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Hester Pine's new novel, The Prickly Pear, is a good book to read in bed. In it are artists, authoresses, interior decorators, and little-theater workers who make amusing bedfellows. All the *Bohemiana* for whom so many women readers seem to hanker.—*Liberty*.

My dear, it's just too vicarious!

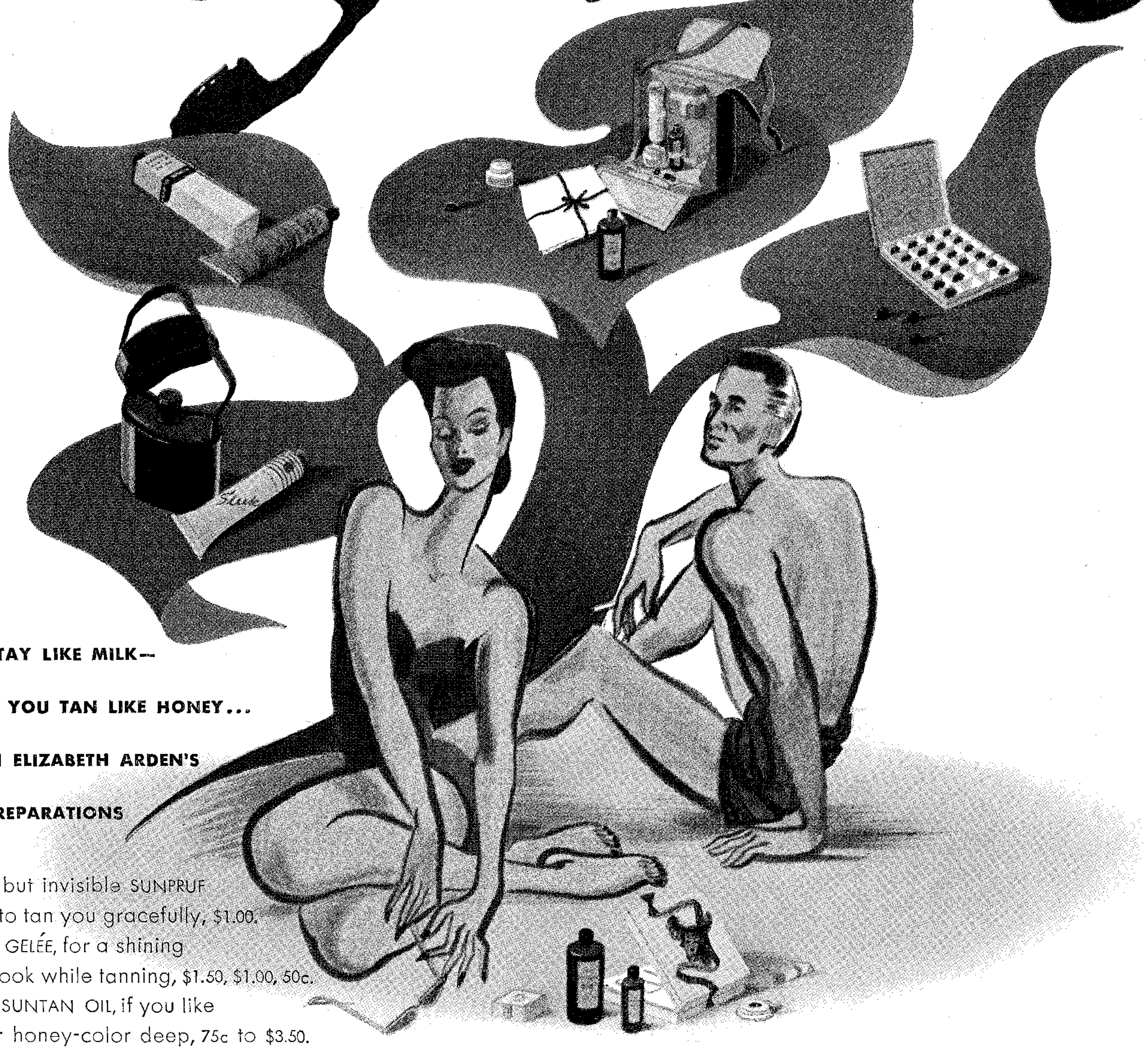
•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader*]

Vast quantities of munitions are wasted in a war. For every man who was killed in the first World War, 7,600 bullets were fired.

Elizabeth



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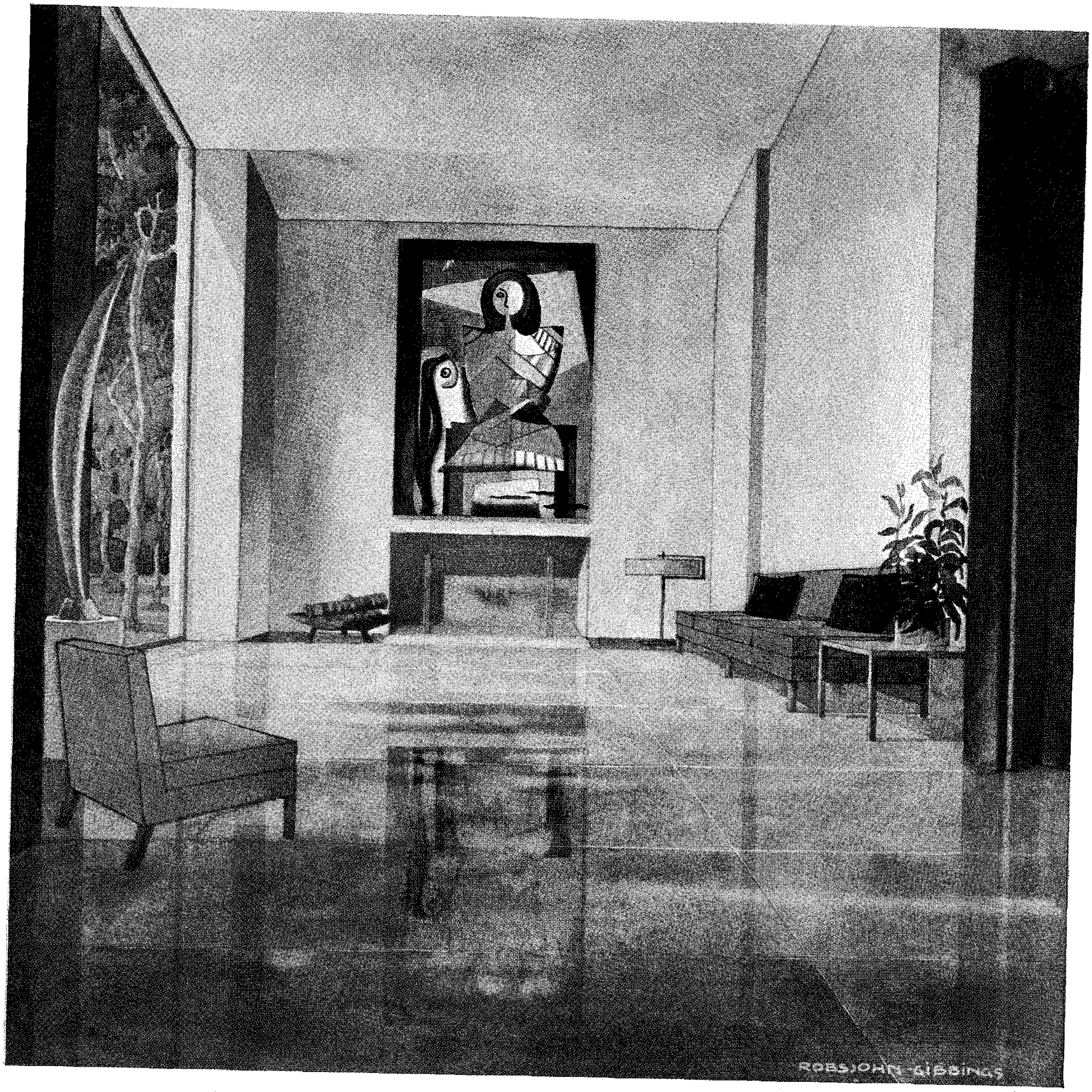

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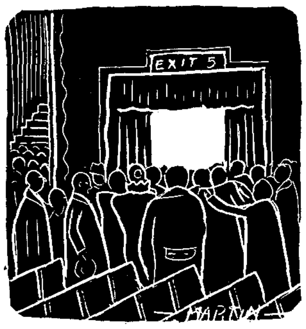
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mr. Bogart, Armed



As that recent fracas on Fifth Avenue, the Esposito performance, and the interest shown in it—the ghoulish camera studies in the press and so on—would indicate, the fascination of the orthodox killer has by no means abated. That such a film as "High Sierra," therefore, belongs to an old school of things doesn't count against its popular appeal. There's almost a quaint touch to the outline of the story, with its conventional holdup scene, the beautiful victim in the offing screaming, "Oh, my rings, my rings," and its big final chase, a man hunt across the wild heights of the Sierras. There is even an out-and-out reference to Dillinger to add a sweet nostalgic note. This familiar and hackneyed material, of course, as we have noted, can still stir us, especially when it is handled, as it is here, with a businesslike crispness, unfailing pace, and great care for the talents of Humphrey Bogart as the exponent of the mad-dog Dillinger species.

"Not a nerve in his body" is doubtless a comment many spectators will make on the Bogart mobster. Adept and quick as he is in the use of violence when it is needed, there's a suggestion of coolness in his movements and behavior which is quite different from the pent-up tension and agonized neuroses of a Cagney. He appears deliberate and calculating and executive and quite able to manipulate a big job which requires plotting, the control of subordinates, and the placating of those higher up in criminal society. This managerial dignity of his, during all the commotion of shootings and slappings so generally occupying him, serves almost to arouse a certain sympathy for him, which is quite unethical. Only his savage death at the end lends a proper balance.

Bogart's icy and literal and unextravagant performance even survives the spotty sentimental elements in the film. Ida Lupino has a conventional heroine's rôle, the sad, hungry gunman's-moll part, loyal and dismal, vaguely poignant at last as the cops grab her and lead her off to some Home of Detention for Misguided Girls. She has already had to combat jealousy, owing to an odd development in the story, a loose strand which might be absurd did not Bogart handle it well. As the gunman, the outstanding killer of the moment, he meets a poor little crippled girl, named Fern or Thelma or Verne or something, pays for the operation which cures her lameness, wants to marry her, and finds that she doesn't love him, that she just wants to dance. Indeed, she proves quite unworthy, you might say, of his attentions. The disillusionment might have made him cynical if he had had time to think about it and hadn't had to bolt from all the cops of California.

In "Convoy," scenes of North Sea destroyers, U-boats, cruisers, and the like are so effective that they might be official Admiralty shots. They give the film special life and interest. The closeups and particularly the incidents of the personal drama described, a triangle situation, with the woman in the case unexpectedly popping right up in the middle of a sea battle, belong to an ordinary manufactured order of affairs, and detract from an excitement which is as strenuous as something good in the newsreels. . . . Admirers of Artie Shaw and his band may find diversion in "Second Chorus," which also features Paulette Goddard, though to no great avail. Comics were required for the piece and so Charles Butterworth was employed in its making, and also, strangely enough, Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith were worked in. The last two, one feels, were sternly directed to do what they were told and not to be highty-tighty and think themselves anything special. They're not anything special here—just a couple of comics.—JOHN MOSHER

•

LOS ANGELES—(AP)—The Navy has discovered a man who says he never has hugged or kissed a girl, eaten chicken or chocolate ice cream, or talked with a girl on the telephone.

Ivan Whitfield, 25, also told a recruiting officer he never had smoked, ordered a meal in a restaurant, watched a prizefight, sent an affectionate letter or telegram to a girl, drunk liquor, danced, or stepped aboard a battleship or submarine.

Whitfield joined the Navy.

"I might switch over on a few things," he observed.—*Raleigh (N.C.) Times.*

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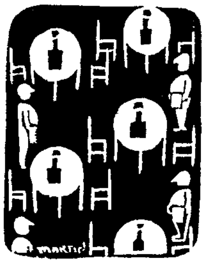
TABLES FOR TWO

Some Clubs and a Cub



WHILE walking down Broadway one recent Saturday night after the theatre, I somehow found myself in the midde of a crowd pressing determinedly toward George White's new Gay White Way, and before I knew exactly what had happened, I was inside. Somebody seized my overcoat and somebody else thrust a souvenir program into one of my hands, simultaneously extracting a quarter from the other. Still somebody else guided me through an incredibly full room and left me at a table that had apparently been borrowed for the occasion from a doll house. Getting into the Gay White Way was, for me, a trying experience, but the fact that many, many other patrons seemed perfectly willing to endure the attendant hardships leads me to believe that the I.R.T. should install juke boxes on its rush-hour expresses and that a lot of people have been waiting eagerly for an old-fashioned Broadway night club to open.

Well, here it is, boys, and no clogging the entrances, *please*. Mr. White has taken over the site of the Cotton Club and has considerably altered the decorative scheme. Along the sides of the room, in illuminated letters, are the names of former stars in his "Scandals," as well as street-number signs, making it possible for you to find yourself, for instance, tucked in at the intersection of Forty-fifth Street, Times Square, Broadway, Eleanor Powell, and Alice Faye. The band, Shep Fields', is stationed on a stand high above the dance floor, which in turn is a couple of feet above the main floor. The service, Broadway fashion, is usually haphazard and for one thirty-five-minute stretch was nonexistent at my table. The show is a typical girls-and-gags opus, with more attractive girls (including a comely set of identical twins) than gags.

THERE'S no gayer entertainment anywhere in town at the moment than at the Versailles, and you can thank Bill Robinson for it. He is making his first East Side night-club appearance and seems perfectly at ease in unfamiliar territory. Although his dancing may have slowed up a bit in the last few years, it is still distinguished by the precision and effortlessness that made it incomparable some eight or nine generations ago, when most of his present admirers were much too young to be going around to night clubs in any part of town. Mr. Robinson dances less than you might expect; he sings, tells jokes, wears hats at jaunty angles, and twirls a cane skillfully, applying the master's touch to whatever he's up to. The show also includes Miss Peggy Fears, who not only sings but walks around with a book balanced on her head, an accomplishment that few night-club singers, I suspect, can equal. Those Versailles murals, incidentally, have finally achieved stardom, being illuminated effectively during Miss Fears' singing of "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

The Waldorf-Astoria has had a complicated season, what with the way its entertainment has been moved about from one room to another. At present, the Sert Room offers dinner dancing only, with music provided by what is sometimes referred to as an ensemble. The Empire Room, across the hall, offers the music of Leighton Noble, who is being introduced as "a genial gentleman of sobriety." (Apparently a band leader can't get along without a label, no matter what.) A young lady named Yvette, who has adopted Hildegarde's uninominal type of billing as well as a good many of her stylistic tricks of singing, is there too, and so is Russell Swann, one of the few remaining magicians who actually make a live white rabbit disappear. Mr. Swann is also notable for his exit line, which, if it was ad-libbed when I heard it, is by now, I trust, incorporated into his routine. "*You* dance," he said cordially to the audience while taking his bow, "and *we'll* laugh."

THE Stork Club has cut through the wall near its bandstand and unveiled an annex, which, after a good deal of speculation about its name and, I suppose, the elimination of such a tempting one as the Storkling, has been officially christened the Stork Cub. The Cub, an eat, drink, and chat place along the lines of the Barberry Room, is close enough to its daddy for some muted strains of music to drift in. The curving layout of its banquettes, upholstered in a lobster-and-fruit design, makes me think somehow of a roller-coaster track tipped over on its side. The walls are covered with drawings of pretty girls by such eminent modern American artists as McClelland Barclay and

James Montgomery Flagg. It seems too bad that in order to reach this theoretically restful and secluded retreat, you have to walk past the Stork Club bar and a cluster of tables—as public a route as you could find anywhere on Fifty-third Street.

AFTER serving for some months as a home for strolling Calypso singers from the West Indies, the Village Vanguard, downtown at Seventh Avenue and Eleventh Street, has gone American again and brought back the Revuers, five young people who compose their own satirical numbers. Among the most engaging of these is one in which two members of a girl trio harmoniously lament the defection of a colleague, who has thoughtlessly got married and left them without anybody to carry the melody, and another about a radio program dramatizing the life and times of Ambrose Mippy, a great man of science who invented the shoehorn and, like all pioneers, was therefore scorned by his neighbors, a reactionary bunch. The Vanguard has commendably kept on its swing trio headed by Zutty Singleton, the deftest drum-roller in these parts.

THAT unpredictable block of West Fifty-second Street has a new occupant you might enjoy visiting, the Absinthe House, at No. 50. This place has a handsome green-and-white exterior and, inside, an attractive little room, whose walls are papered with old *Police Gazette* covers and pictures of unsuccessful Republican Presidential candidates. There are only four waiters on duty, the same singing quartet that worked at Gay New Orleans when the Fair was running. I don't know how they manage it, but their vocalizing never seems to retard the service much.

Jack White's 18 Club, down the street, has gone and got itself a line of six girls, whose dancing is only incidental to the spry quips of Mr. White and his gifted associates, Messrs. Harrington and Hyers. Like the customers, the doorman, the busboys, and the ladies'-room attendant, all of whom are featured players in the show, the girls, when I last looked in, seemed to be bearing up nicely under Mr. White's rather coarse but funny tutelage. Jack White's place, by the way, is always just about as crowded as George's. —CHECK

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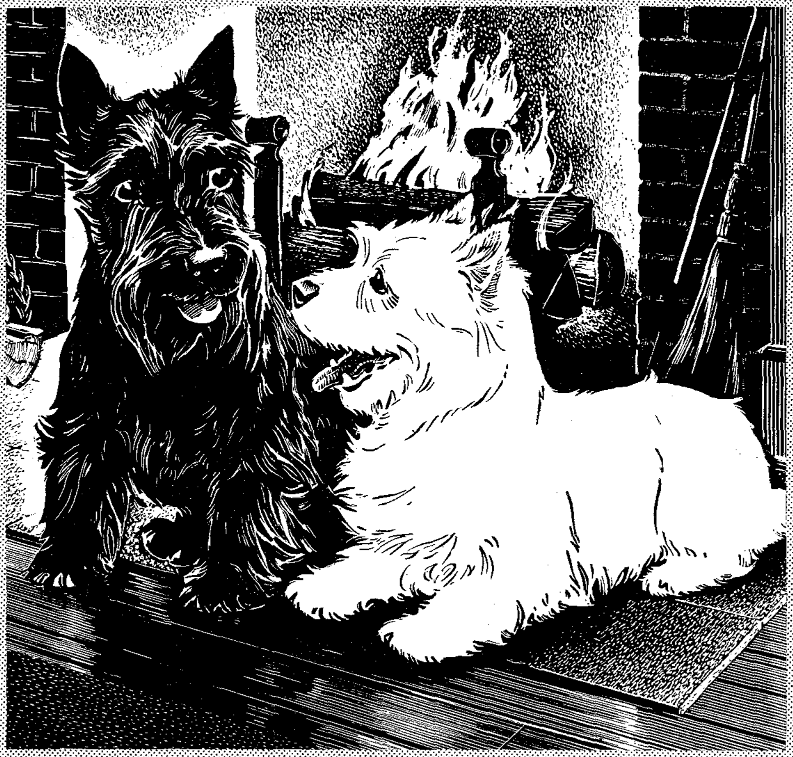
N.H. SEASON BEGINS;
MAN SHOT FOR DEER
—*Headline in the Boston Herald.*

Q.E.D.



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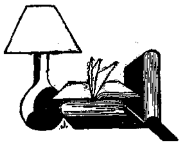
BOOKS

Messrs. Hilton, Powys, Collier



JAMES HILTON'S new offering, "Random Harvest," is likely to baffle any conscientious reviewer. The only important thing about it is its plot, and the plot is of such a nature that were I to tell it to you, I'd deserve drawing and quartering. I could say it's a pre-second-World-War story about an Englishman who was smashed up badly near Arras in '17 and whose life from that time until December, 1919, remained a complete blank in his memory, but that would merely give you a clue, not a summary. I could say that most of the narrative deals with the manner in which he finds his way back to the "dark corridor" of those strange three years, but that wouldn't help much, either. And, finally, I could tell you that the resolution of the whole mysterious affair is contained in the very last words of the novel, which provide a Victorian surprise ending so forced as to be positively sickening; but then where are you?

So I had better content myself with saying that Mr. Hilton has cranked out another deft piece of storytelling, combining the suspense of "Lost Horizon" with the mile-thick sentimentality of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and that anyone who starts it will read it to the very end, impossible as that end is.

The yarn is full of clever things: an upper-class industrialist English family, very neatly hit off; a troupe of travelling actors done in the jolly Priestley vein; two love affairs, quite affecting; and some satire on the world situation and English decadence, rather mildly expressed, for Mr. Hilton is hardly a heavyweight thinker. There's also an eccentric clergyman, Blampied, who might have stepped out of Chesterton, and who sticks in the mind, though I won't say for how long.

Hilton the moralist (he *is* a moralist) interests me rather less than Hilton the plot-maker. There are certainly very few writers as sheerly ingenious as he is, or as able to cut out and put together the complex jigsaw-puzzle kind of story of which "Random Harvest" is so good an example. His storytelling capacity shows no sign of diminution and, for me, that's enough.

ADMIRERS of "How Green Was My Valley" may be curious to know what Wales was like half a millennium ago, when Owen Glendower led the great revolt for Welsh independence and died, defeated but already an immortal legendary hero, a sort of later King Arthur-and-Merlin. There must be something about Wales that evokes extra-long novels; John Cowper Powys' two-volume "Owen Glendower" is more than twice the size of Mr. Llewellyn's lengthy opus. It is even more talkative and is blurred with some of the same Celtic twilight, but it is a much more imposing work in every way.

Glendower (1349-1416) dominates the infinitely ramified narrative, but its real hero is one of his remote cousins, the young Rhisiart, imbued with a passion for the independence of Wales. Not all of Rhisiart's activities are patriotic. Among his adventures is his unsuccessful love for two Welsh maidens, one of them Owen's daughter. That curious property of all of Powys' novels—his delight in the portrayal of long-drawn-out and unclimactic sensuality—reappears here again and again. It is as if a great antiquary and a disciple of Freud had combined to produce a novel. The effect is queer but original.

Only readers with oodles of time and patience or those already permanently committed to the odd talent of John Cowper Powys will be able to master the complex maze of "Owen Glendower," with its Welsh names, its theological squabbles, its mad priests and fanatical Lollards, its hazy nationalist intrigues, and its thick "magical" atmosphere. There can be no doubt that the novel is a mountainous achievement, but I, for one, am not much of a mountain-climber. I should estimate, nevertheless, that this is Mr. Powys' finest book since "Wolf Solent."

THE small, neat mantle of Saki has apparently been handed down to a young Englishman named John Collier, some of whose devilish ingenuities you may have shuddered over in these pages. He wears it pretty well, possessing a fair share of Saki's wit and all of his interest in the artificial, the macabre, and the sadistic. He is not as assured or as elegant as Saki, nor has he Saki's sense of timing; half a dozen of the twenty-four tales in "Presenting Moonshine" could be advantageously shortened.

Mr. Collier is your man, or imp, if you would like to read about the etiolated society that lives by night in the department stores, or about the vain and talented pig who almost destroyed Rosie's sex life, or about Henry, who mastered the Indian rope trick not wisely but too well, or about the terribly masculine gorilla who wrote a best-seller (I hope against hope that this is

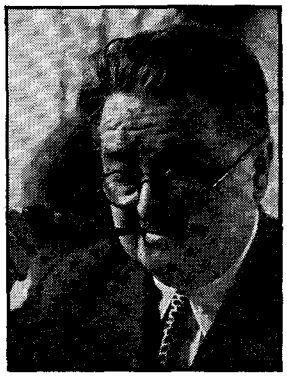
KIX
FORCE
HUSKIES
PEP
21

Clifton FADIMAN

Sinclair LEWIS

Carl VAN DOREN

Alexander WOOLLCOTT



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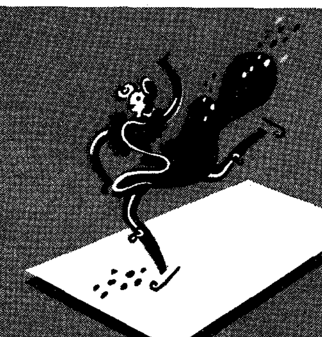

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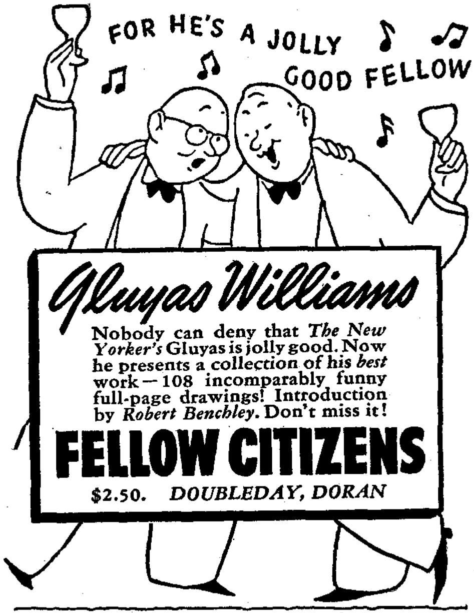
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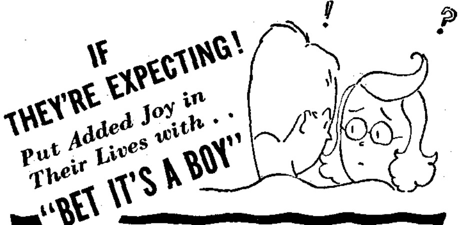

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not an *histoire à clef*), or about the clerk, poor fellow, who fell in love with a wax mannequin. Mr. Collier is a great hand at grisly little affairs involving devils, ghosts, supernatural parrots, glandular monstrosities, surrealist painters, and similar fantastics. He exploits his unseriousness rather too obviously, perhaps, but every once in a while turns out a bit of perverse nonsense that's preciously perfect. My favorite is "Another American Tragedy" (one of the five originally printed in *The New Yorker*), a delightful horror about a greedy nephew, a set of false teeth, and a doctor who was too smart for both.

"NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY 1940" serves as the best way to keep yourself up to date on what the wild penmen of the verbal Left Wing are doing. Though there is material from Katherine Anne Porter, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Kenneth Burke, most of the names are new. A great deal of the stuff—particularly the surrealist contributions—is daft, but not all. Newcomers like Alfred Young Fisher, Paul Goodman, and Wright Morris, for example, are apt to be heard from in the near future. The editor, James Laughlin, is still hipped on the childish perversities of Henry Miller and takes his own *avant-garde* rôle with almost ferocious solemnity, but he is nevertheless performing an extremely valuable service to American readers willing to recognize the vital in the wacky, the original in the eccentric. Some features of the collection this year are the photographs by Wright Morris and Walker Evans and the plans by Frank Lloyd Wright for a redesigned city of Bridgeport. Good idea, too.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TO SING WITH THE ANGELS, by Maurice Hindus. Another novel of Hitler tyranny. But Mr. Hindus has focussed his attention on a small village in Czecho-Slovakia that was. He acquaints the reader with the mayor, absorbed in his plans for the future of the tiny town and in its visible achievements in the years after 1919: the new high school; the new hospital, with its up-to-date equipment; 1,000 cherry trees planted, 375 apple, 89 pear, 250 oak. A cheerful, happy little man, with a good wife, a son who has become a doctor, a daughter who wants to study law. Across this simple, hopeful scene,

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the Nazi Storm Troopers swarm like destroying locusts. The town's misfortunes become very personal and pitiful; the stubborn resistance of the Czechs to their conquerors is as poignant as it is futile. One of the few novels of contemporary Europe that seem more real than the daily paper.

Lone Star Preacher, by John W. Thomason, Jr. Sketches of the American Civil War from the standpoint of a long, lean, red-headed Texas preacher with a voice like a foghorn and an inability to keep out of a fight. A lively tale, illustrated in pen-and-ink by the author. Some of these stories have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Emperor Brims, by Herbert Ravenel Sass. The story of a little-known episode in American Colonial history: the uprising of the Indians in the Carolinas under a Creek called Emperor Brims, who planned a confederation of all the Eastern tribes that was to drive the white men out of North America. Highly colored costume piece, rather too prettified but full of action.

Two to Make a Wife, by Louise Braden. A queer novel about a group of unsavory people in a Middle Western town. There is a hard-drinking, hunchbacked aunt in love with a hard-drinking, weak nephew. The young man's father writes for the pulp magazines and hates himself for it, his half-crazy grandmother spends her nights in audible prayer, his wife—half-Russian and outspokenly self-analytical—finds family life under these circumstances rather hard going. Very likely the reader will, too.

GENERAL

The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy, by Robert H. Jackson. The Attorney General of the United States writes a brilliant and readable study of "the vice of judicial supremacy" which has been enforced on legislative acts by the Supreme Court since 1803. Developing the story of the 1937 Court battle as his chief example, the author argues that the power to throw out legislative acts is not enunciated in the Constitution, that the exercise of such quasi-legal power has helped to bring about several crises in our history, that every law passed by Congress is a compromise in the first place, and that judicial review, especially in critical times, becomes a dangerous brake on active government.

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NIGHT OVER EUROPE, by Frederick L. Schuman. In this sequel to "Europe on the Eve," Professor Schuman weaves his running commentary on the diplomatic events of 1939 and 1940 into a more or less coherent pattern of world tendencies. He believes there is a strong trend toward world unification and that the Fascist powers will bring this about in their own way unless the democracies unite with Russia to stop them. As an alternative, he envisages a war which will involve every nation on earth. Readable and heavily documented.

INTO CHINA, by Eileen Bigland. The English author of "Laughing Odyssey" describes her difficult trip with a Chinese munitions convoy over the red earth of the Burma Road, plus a visit by air to Chiang Kai-shek's capital, Chungking. Remarkable travel adventure, but also a sad and memorable picture of the Chinese at war. Photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH IN ECSTASY, by Ngaio Marsh. A lady drinks some wine during a ceremony of the House of the Sacred Flame, a peculiar religious organization; keels over by virtue of too much prussic acid; and is avenged by Chief Inspector Alleyn of New Scotland Yard. Miss Marsh's writing is superb, as always (if you don't get too wrought up over her idea of how an American talks), and the mystery itself is all right.

THE BROKEN VASE, by Rex Stout. Tecumseh Fox, who seems to have replaced Nero Wolfe in Mr. Stout's affections, cracks a Park Avenue murder and a violin-snatching in Carnegie Hall. There is a suicide, too, to keep things going, and those of you who like a smooth-running story will be well content with this one.

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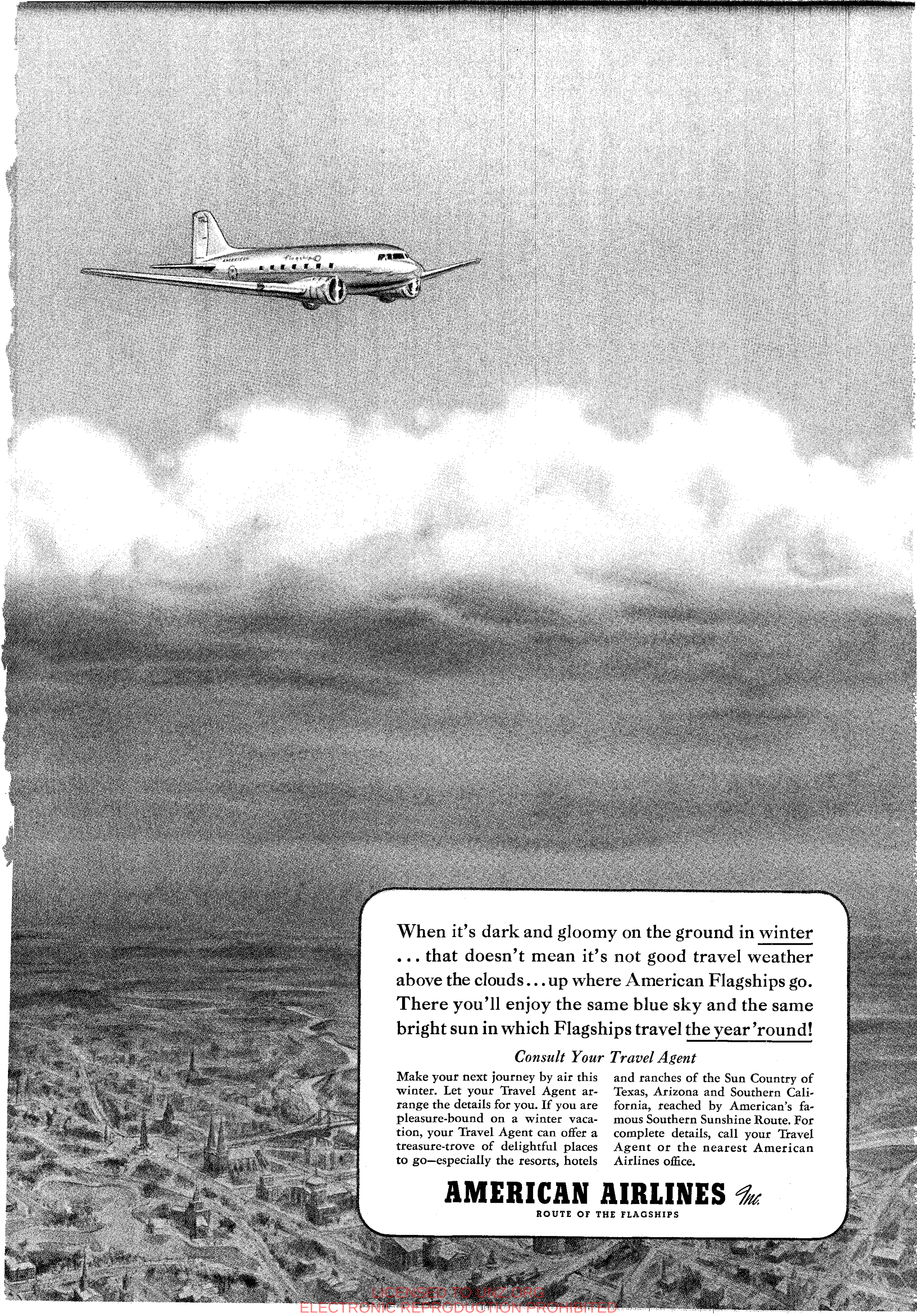

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Make your next journey by air this winter. Let your Travel Agent arrange the details for you. If you are pleasure-bound on a winter vacation, your Travel Agent can offer a treasure-trove of delightful places to go—especially the resorts, hotels and ranches of the Sun Country of Texas, Arizona and Southern California, reached by American's famous Southern Sunshine Route. For complete details, call your Travel Agent or the nearest American Airlines office.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

"Tobacco's my bread and butter," says Connor Aycock, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C.

"I have to know good leaf—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

LUCKIES pay the price to get the better tobaccos...tobaccos that are worth the money because they're *milder.*

Independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for.

Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

That's worth remembering, especially if you're smoking more today. For the more you smoke, the more you want such a genuinely mild cigarette.

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

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With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1